

POLICE

COMICS

MAY No.78

10¢

**PLASTIC
man**

and

WOOZY

have a hot
time in

DREAMLAND!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

QUALITY

NOW GIVES YOU

BLACKHAWK

DOLL MAN

PLASTIC MAN

CANDY

and

KID ETERNITY

EVERY OTHER MONTH

LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND

**ONLY
10¢**

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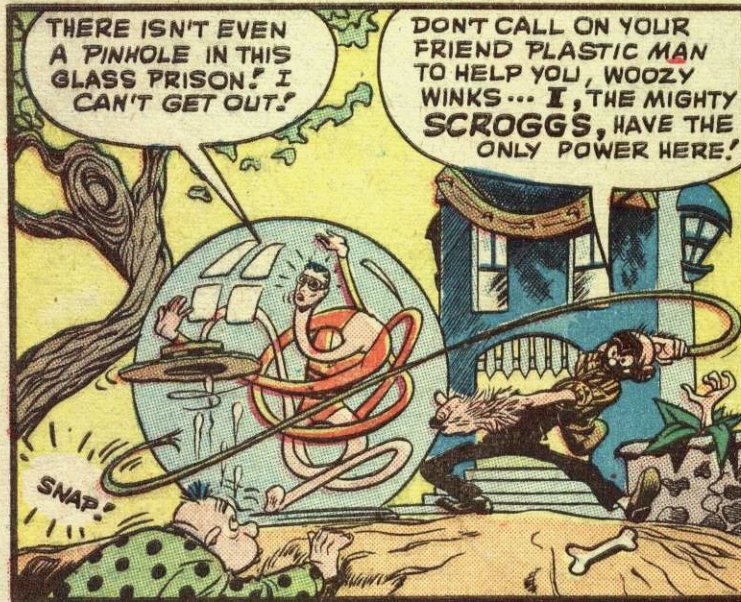
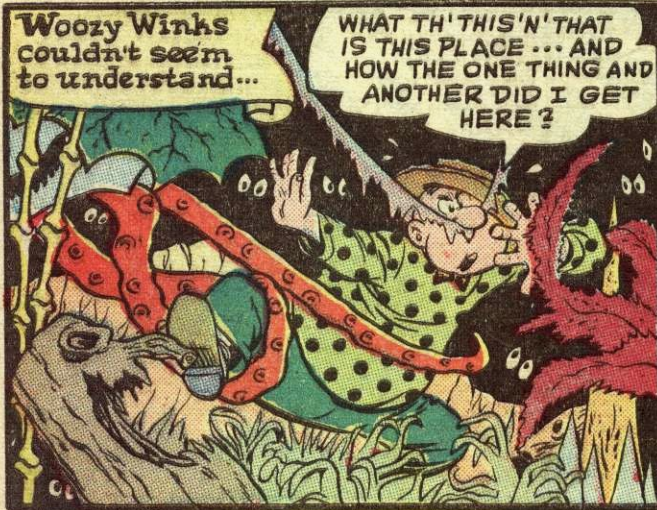
plastic Man

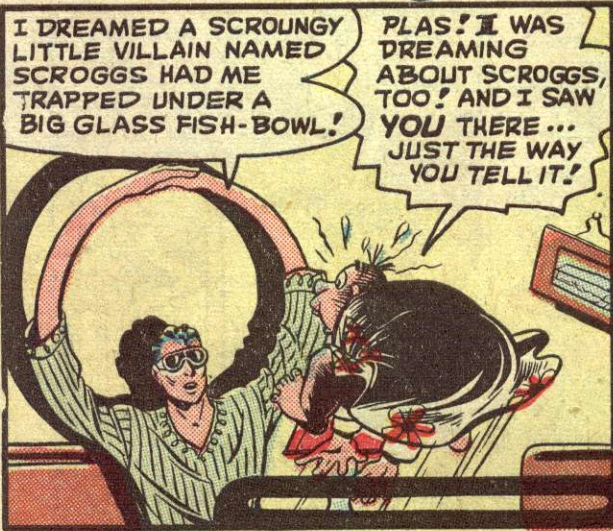
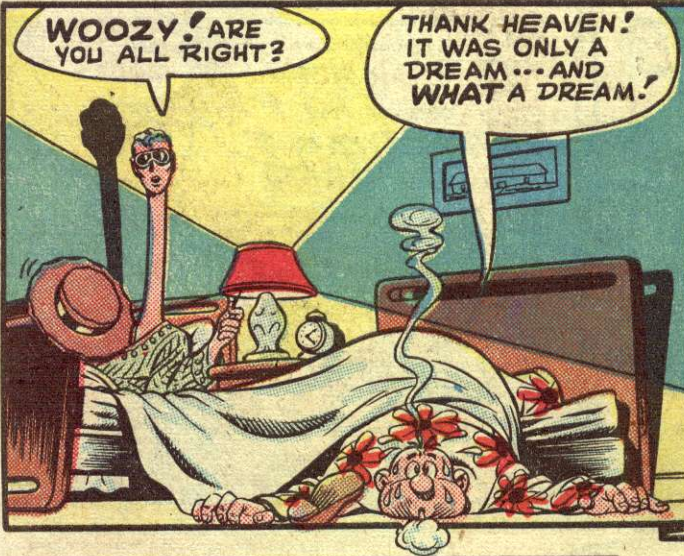


"TO SLEEP. PERCHANCE
TO DREAM!"

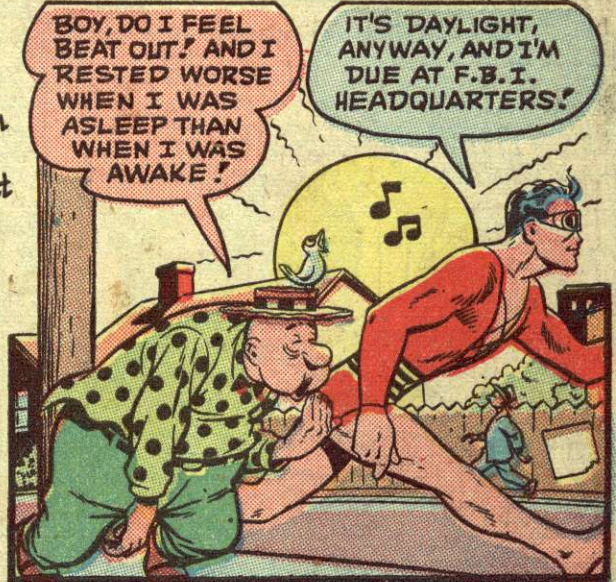
Science has never told the whole story of what dreams are ... or how they come to be! But a weird little character named SCROGGS found out, and terrorized dreamland ... till **PLASTIC MAN** rode a nightmare to revolt against **THE DICTATOR OF DREAMS!**

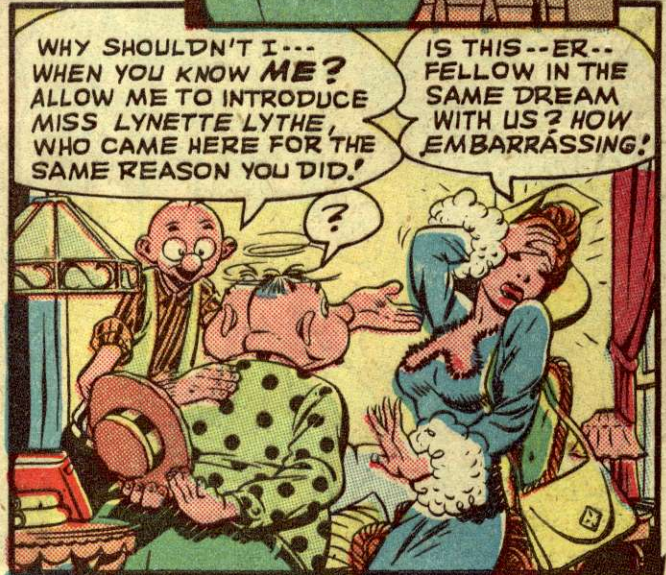
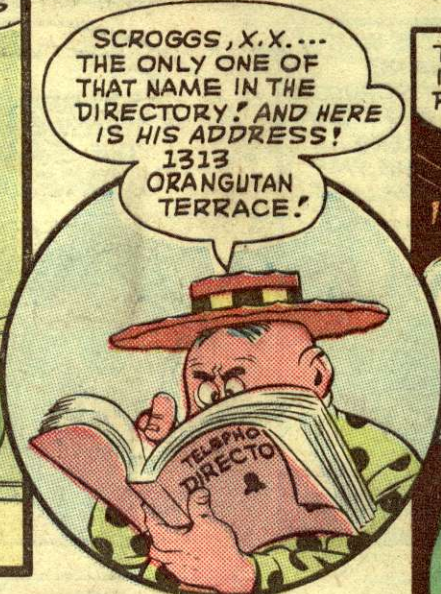
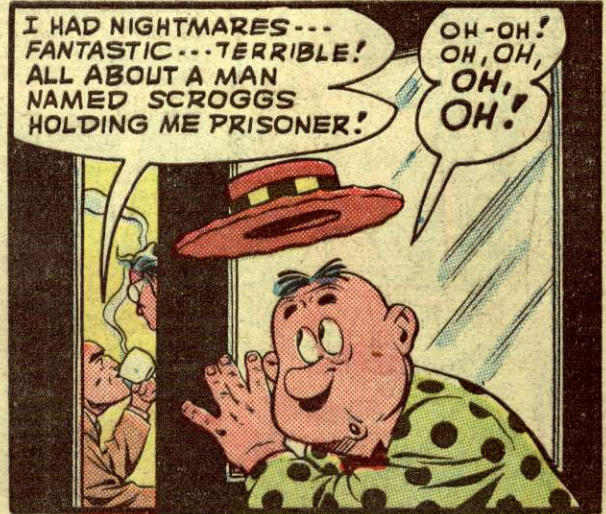


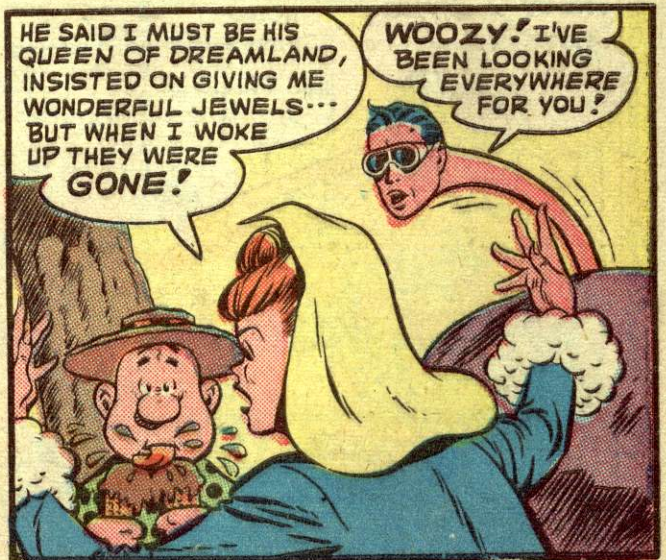
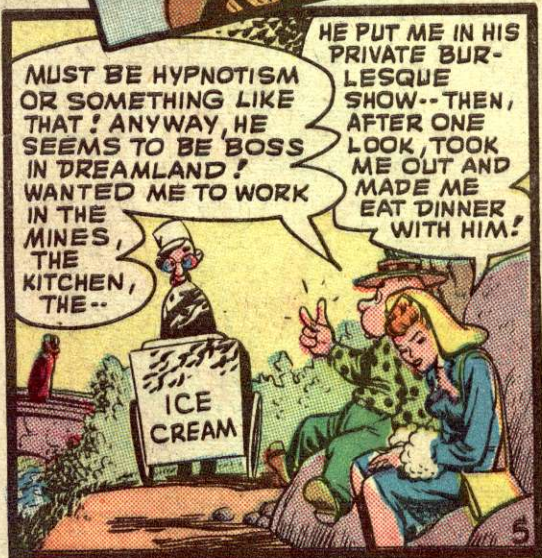
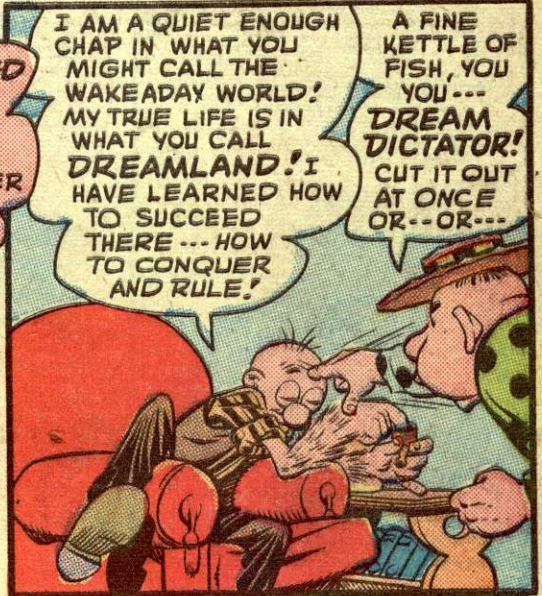
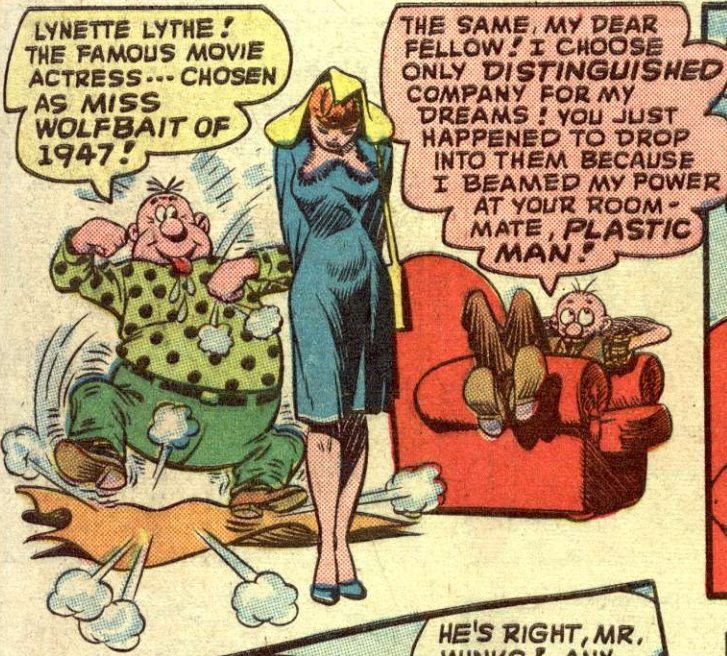


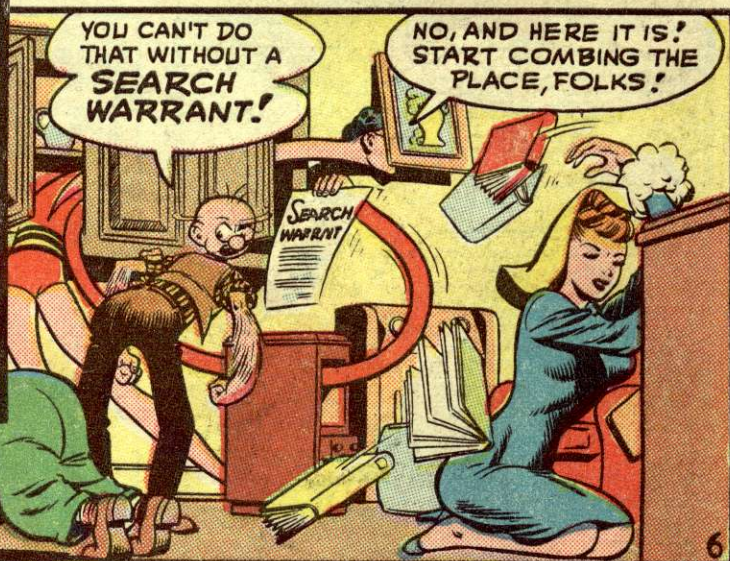
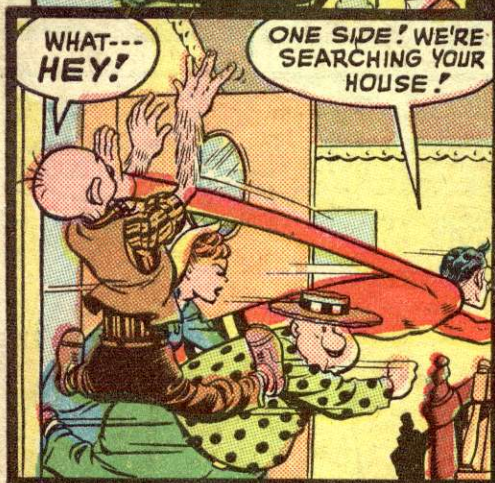
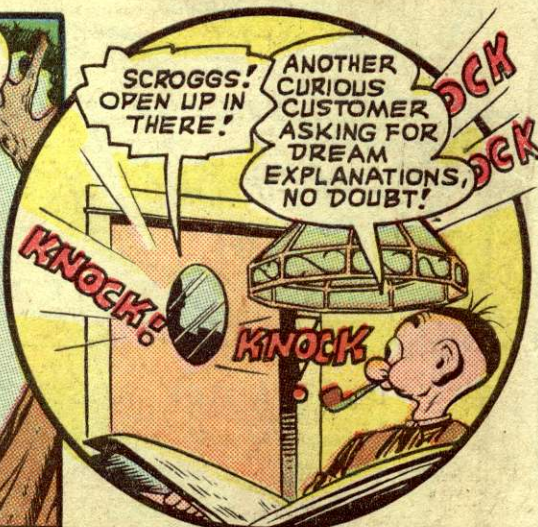
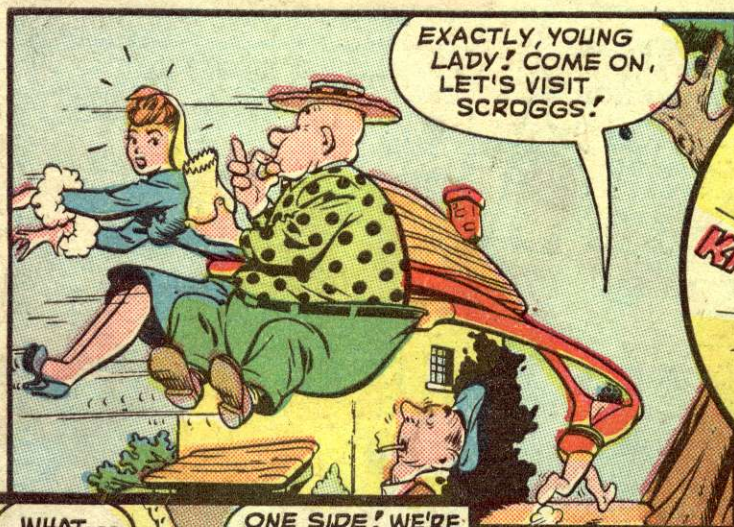
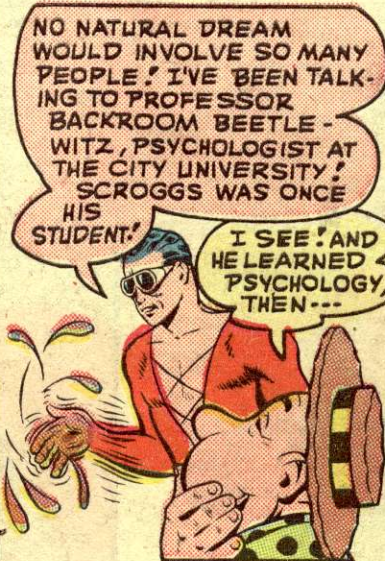


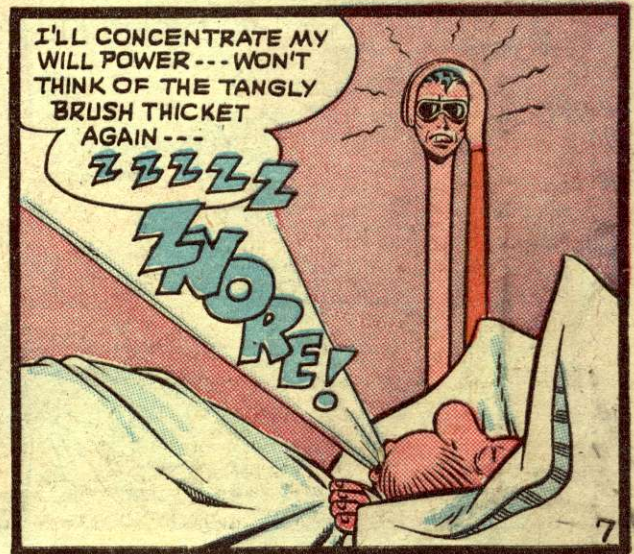
And so, when the night had gone ----



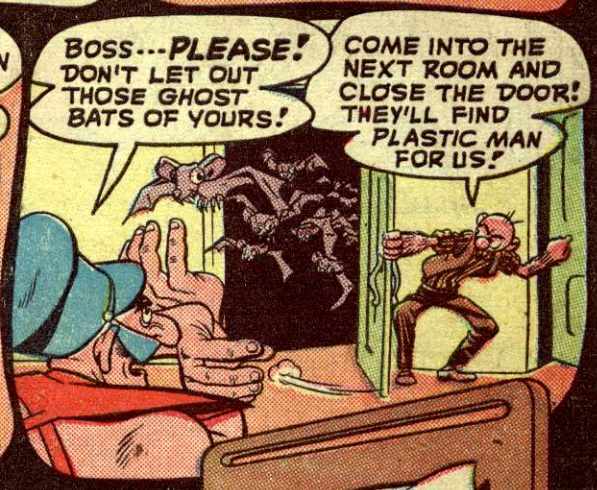
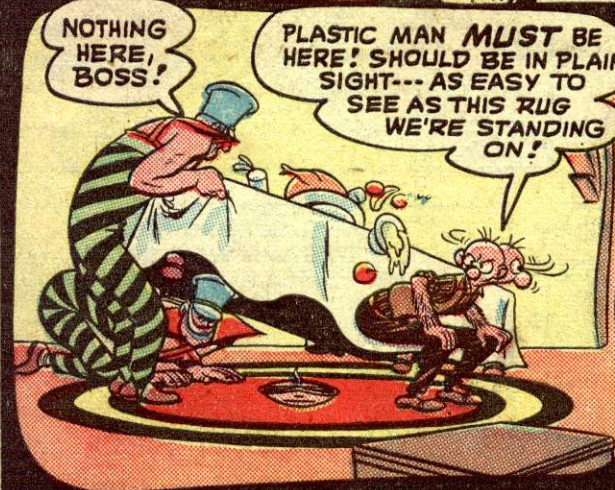














WHERE..

WHERE..

WHERE?



RIGHT
HERE!

YAAAAAH!
IT'S HORRIBLE!
HELLLLP!

At that wild
cry of fear
the dream is
banished---

THAT WAS
TERRIBLE!
SCROGGS
WORKED ME
SO HARD I'M
SORE ALL OVER!

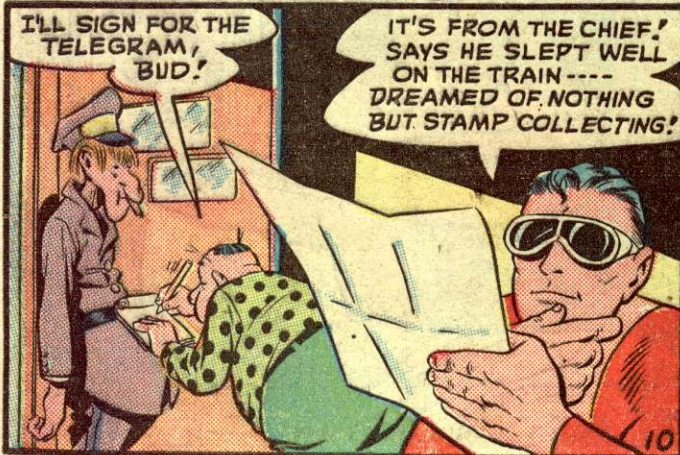
BUT IT'S MORNING--
TIME TO GET UP!
I'LL PHONE MISS
LYTHE!



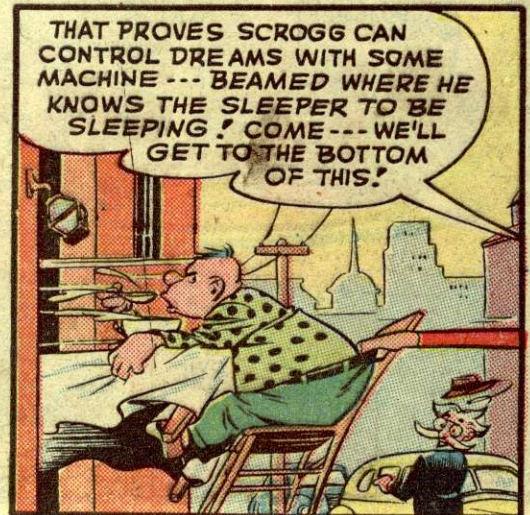
I FEEL WONDERFUL,
PLASTIC MAN! THAT
FREEZE-BURN TREATMENT
WAS SO GRIM IT MADE
ME FAINT! I HAD
HOURS AND HOURS
OF GOOD, DREAM-
LESS SLEEP!

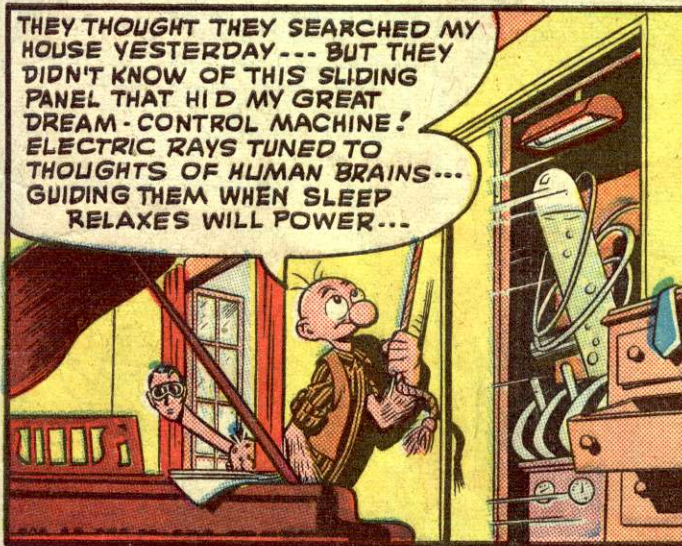
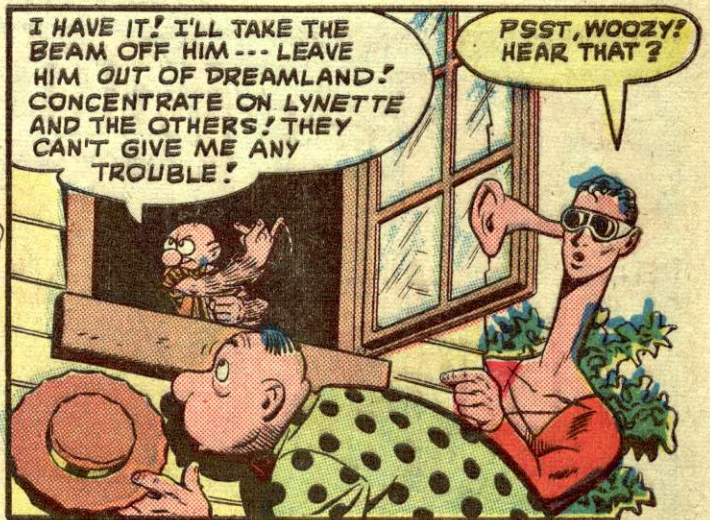
I'LL SIGN FOR THE
TELEGRAM,
BUD!

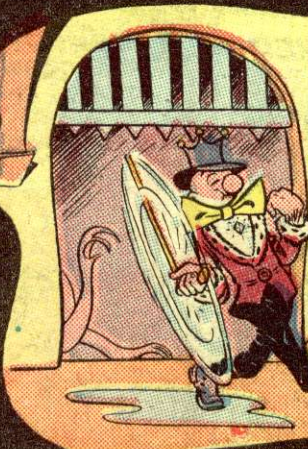
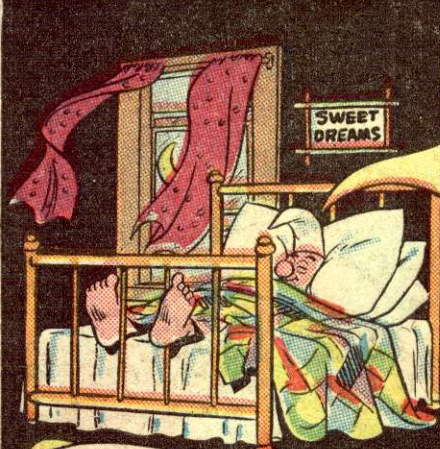
IT'S FROM THE CHIEF,
SAYS HE SLEPT WELL
ON THE TRAIN ----
DREAMED OF NOTHING
BUT STAMP COLLECTING!



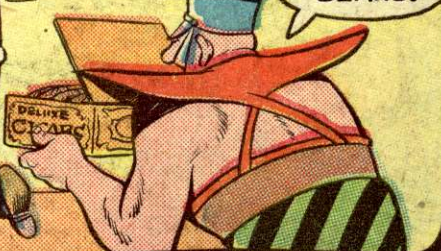
THAT PROVES SCROGGS CAN
CONTROL DREAMS WITH SOME
MACHINE --- BEAMED WHERE HE
KNOWS THE SLEEPER TO BE
SLEEPING! COME--- WE'LL
GET TO THE BOTTOM
OF THIS!







WELCOME TO YOUR DREAM DOMAIN! HERE'S YOUR LATEST DREAM-WISH--- CIGARS FLAVORED WITH HAM HOCKS AND BUTTER BEANS!



HOW'LL WE HANDLE THAT PLASTIC MAN CHARACTER TONIGHT?

BY IGNOR-
ING HIM. I
TURNED OFF
THE BEAM
THAT POINTED
TO HIS HOME.
WE CAN HAVE
PLENTY OF FUN
AND POWER
WITHOUT HIM
OR HIS FAT
FRIEND!

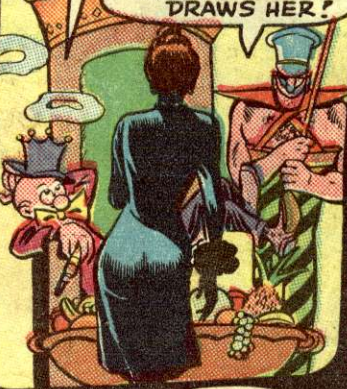
I'LL CONCENTRATE
MY ATTENTION ON
LYNETTE TONIGHT!
SHE'S SCORNE
ME LONG ENOUGH!

HERE
SHE
COMES

NOW---YOUR
DREAM POWER
DRAWS HER!

AH, MY PRETTY ONE! WHAT IS
IT TO BE--- DREAMLAND
LUXURY AS MY QUEEN OR
ANOTHER OF THOSE
UNCOMFORTABLE
TORTURE GADGETS
I CAN CREATE
BY JUST THINK-
ING OF THEM?

BE YOUR
QUEEN?
A THOUSAND
TIMES NO!
BETTER ANY
TORTURE THAN
THAT!



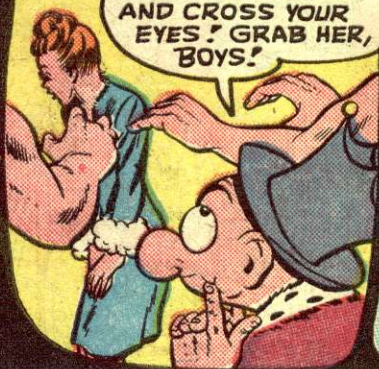
I'D RATHER
PLAY POST-
OFFICE WITH
A RATTLE-
SNAKE THAN
ACCEPT YOUR
OFFER!

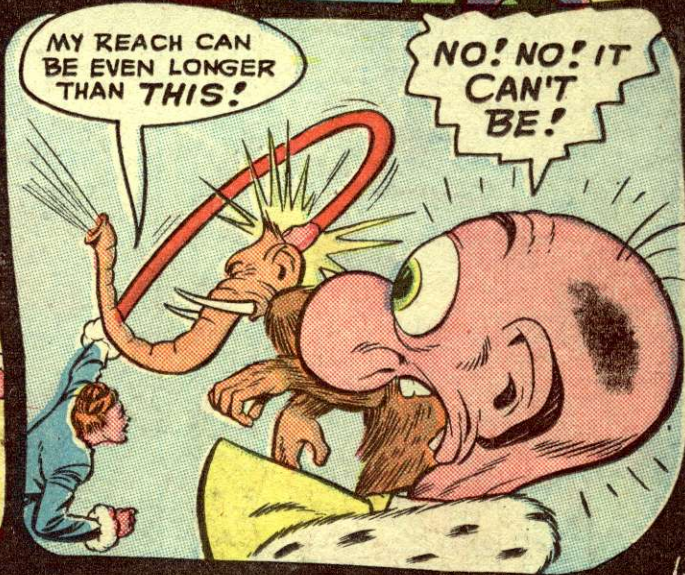
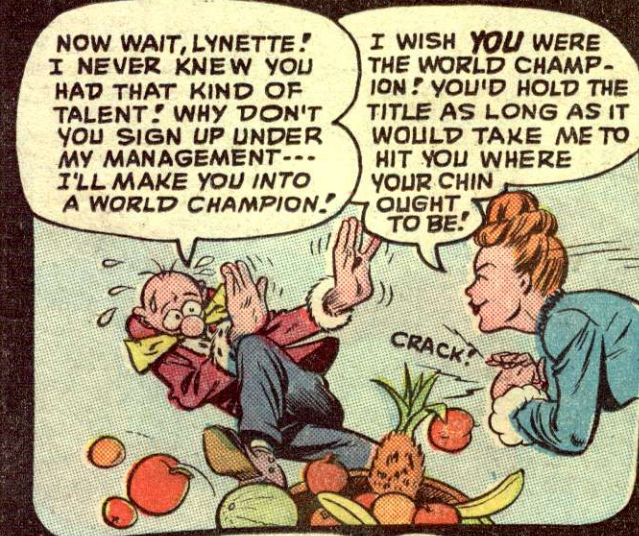
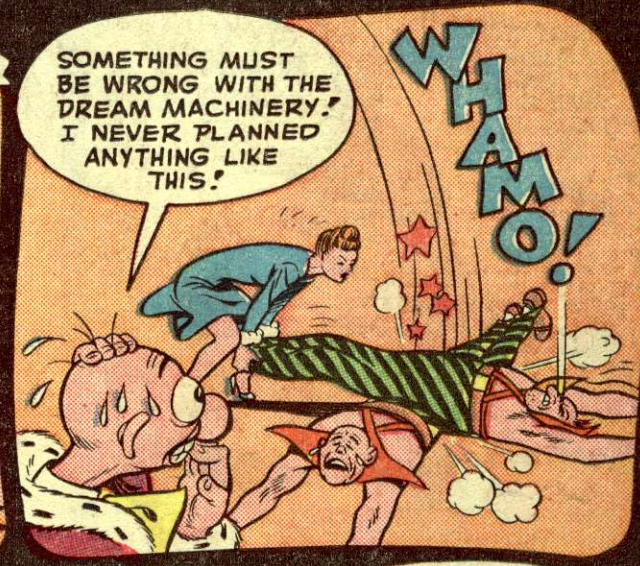
WE'LL SEE!
I'VE JUST
INVENTED
SOMETHING
THAT WILL
TAKE THE
CURL OUT
OF YOUR HAIR,
LENGTHEN YOUR
NOSE TWO INCHES
AND CROSS YOUR
EYES! GRAB HER,
BOYS!

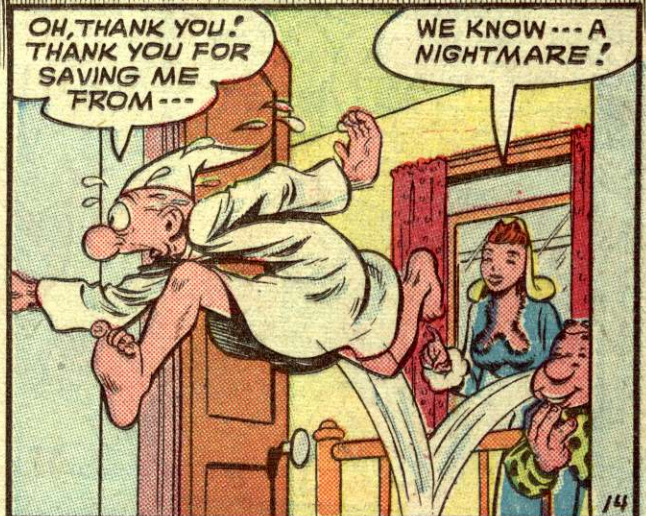
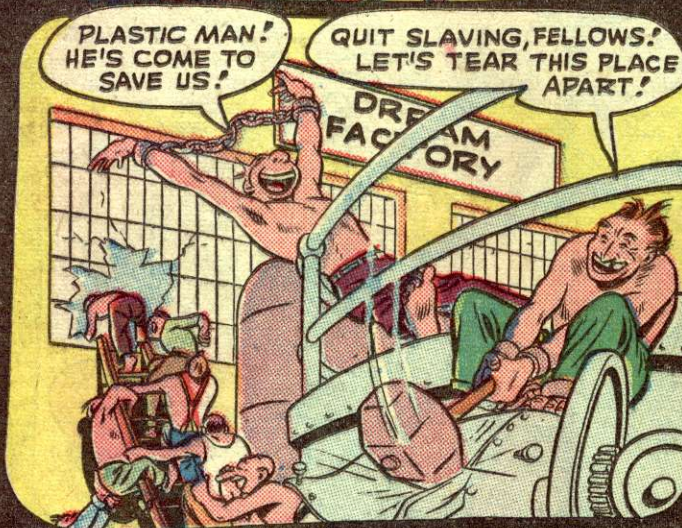
COME
ON,
SISTER!

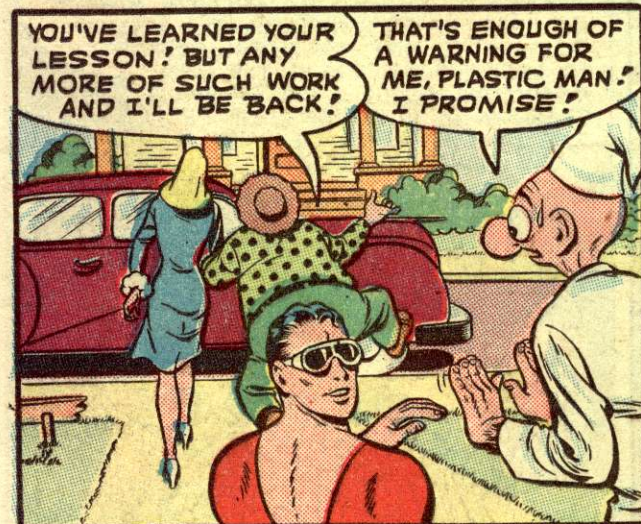
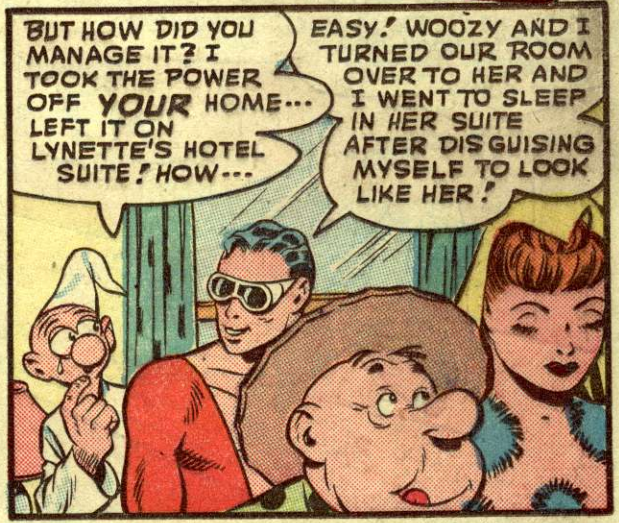
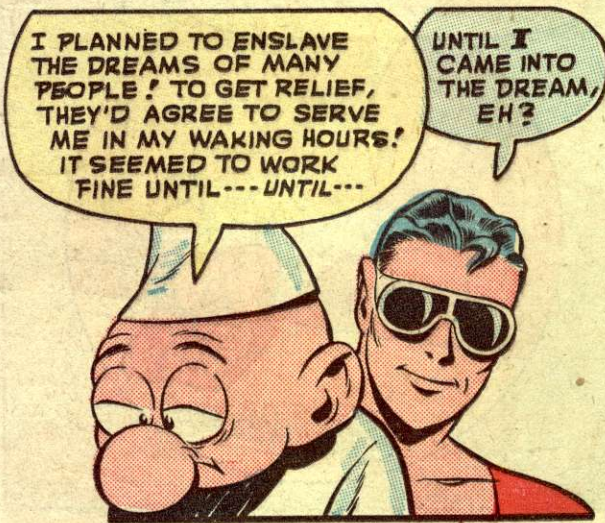
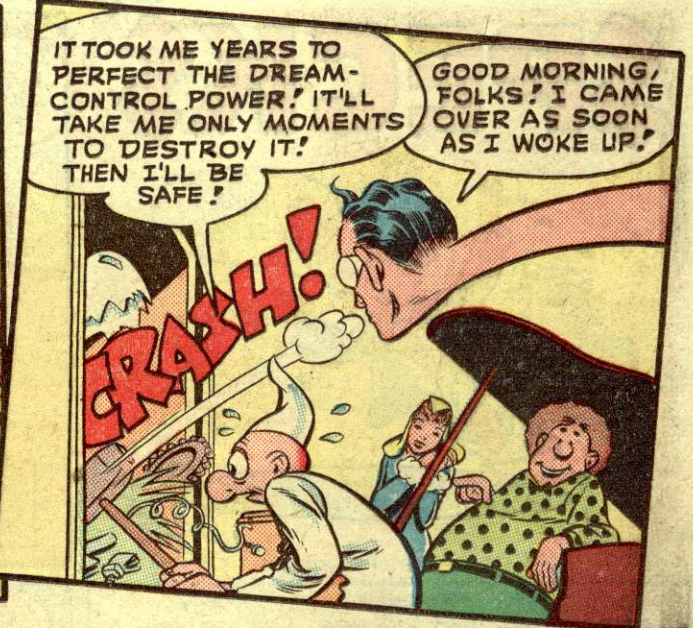
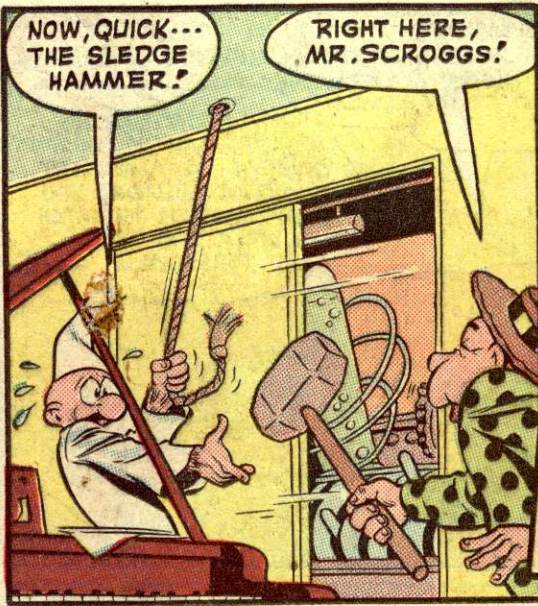
SISTER, YOU
CALL ME?
THIS IS THE
LAST
STRAW!

SISTER INDEED!
I WOULDN'T EVEN
BE YOUR STEP-
SISTER!

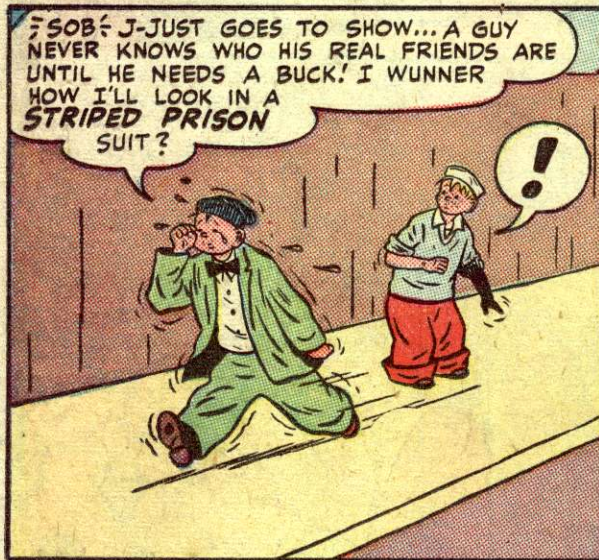








SPECKS



I DON'T WANNA APPEAR TOO PERSONAL, WINDY... BUT HOW MUCH TIME DID THE **BLACKMAILER** GIVE YUH TO RAISE THE MILLION CABBAGES?

SOB! ONLY A T'OUSAND YEARS, THE TIGHTWAD!

SNIFF!

WE GOTTA WORK FAST, WINDY! I GOT AN IDEAR HOW WE CAN PAY HIM OFF! YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO TO PRISON, AFTER ALL!

?

HOURS LATER... 3 A.M.

KLINK!
PLINK!
CRASH!

?

SORRY TO DISTURB YOU AT THIS HOUR, **SCOTTY**, BUT WE BRUNG YOU YOUR FIRST INSTALLMENT ON THAT MILLION DOLLARS!

THESE OL' EMPTY MILK AND SODA BOTTLES SHOULD GET YOUSE AT LEAST ANYWHERE FROM THREE TO FIVE CENTS ON A BOTTLE!

ANY CANDY STORE'LL TAKE 'EM!

S'LONG, **BLACKMAILER**! WE'LL BE SEEN' YOU... DAILY FOR THE NEXT T'OUSAND YEARS--- WIT' BOTTLES, OF COURSE!

G-GULP!

DON'T FORGET TO WASH THE BOTTLES OUT BEFORE YUH RETURN 'EM! THERES SUCH A T'ING AS GERMS, YUH KNOW!

HONEYBUN



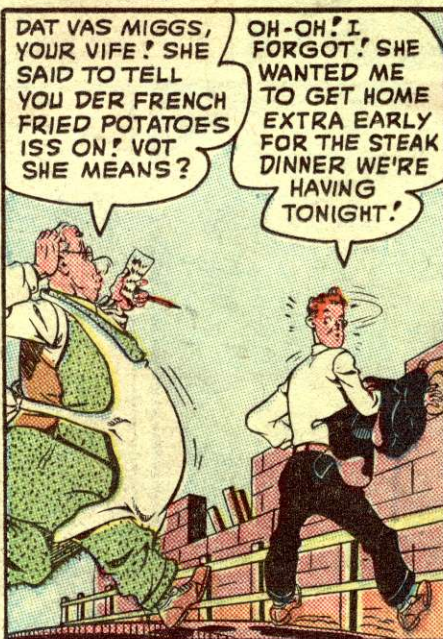
ACH, HONEYBUN!
YOU ARE TALKING
NONSENSE! MY
DELICATESSEN STORE
ISS RIGHT ACROSS DER
STREET--- I SEE VOT
ISS GOING ON ALL
DAY MIT DIS BUILDING
JOB!

SURE, MR. PHYFER...
BUT I STILL THINK I'M
RIGHT! I'VE HAD MORE
EXPERIENCE AT
**SIDEWALK
SUPERINTENDING!**



EXCUSE ME VUN
MINUTE, HONEYBUN!
DER TELEPHONE
ISS RINGING!

SURE!

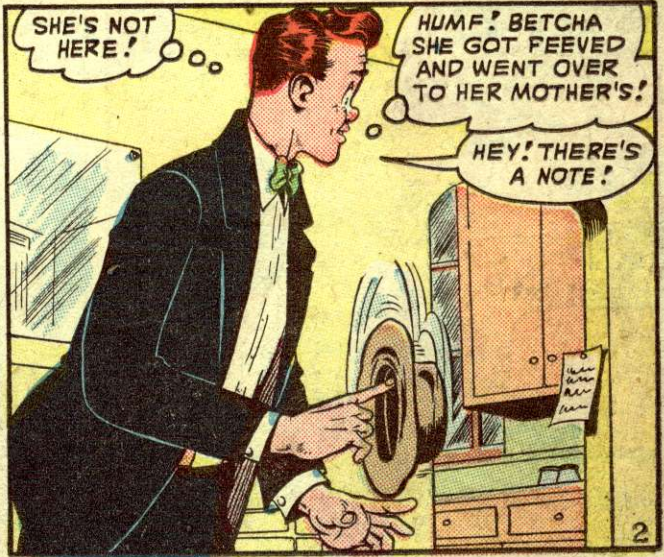
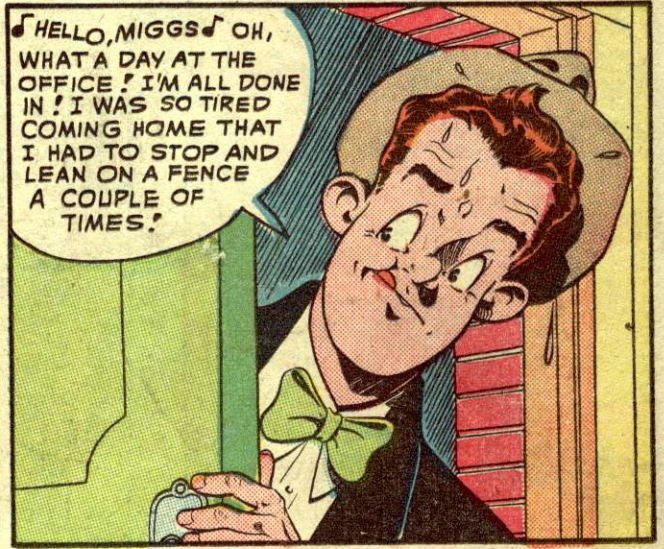
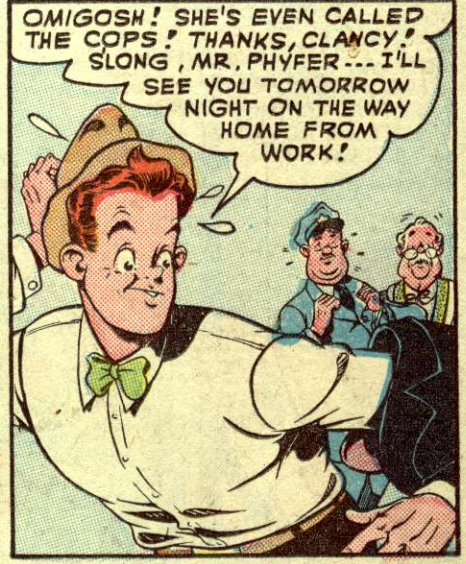


DAT VAS MIGGS,
YOUR VIFE? SHE
SAID TO TELL
YOU DER FRENCH
FRIED POTATOES
ISS ON! VOT
SHE MEANS?

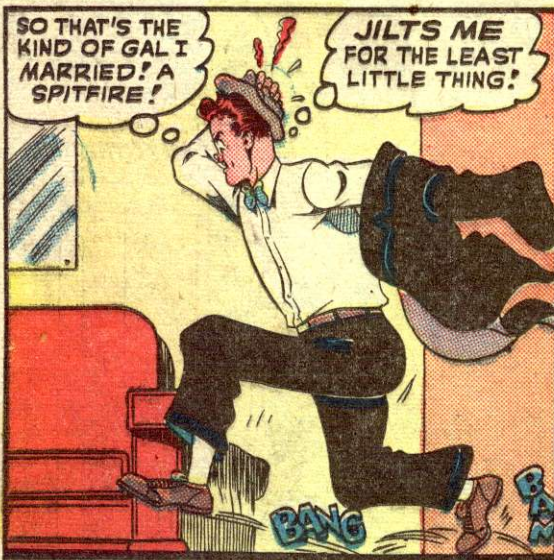
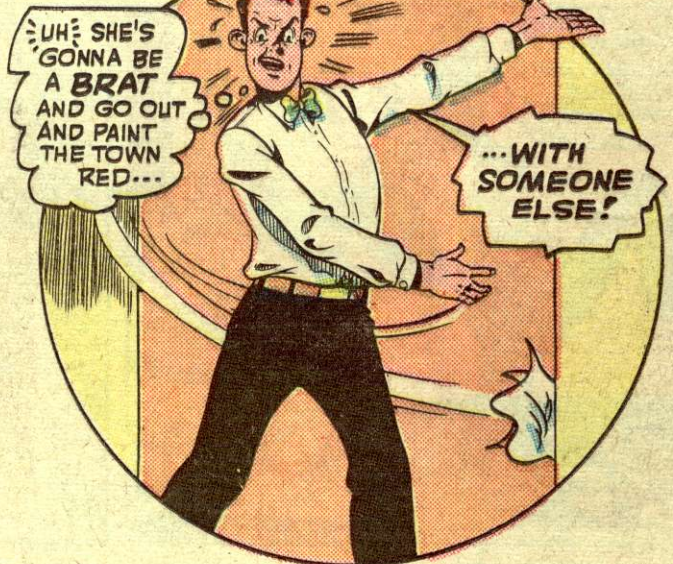
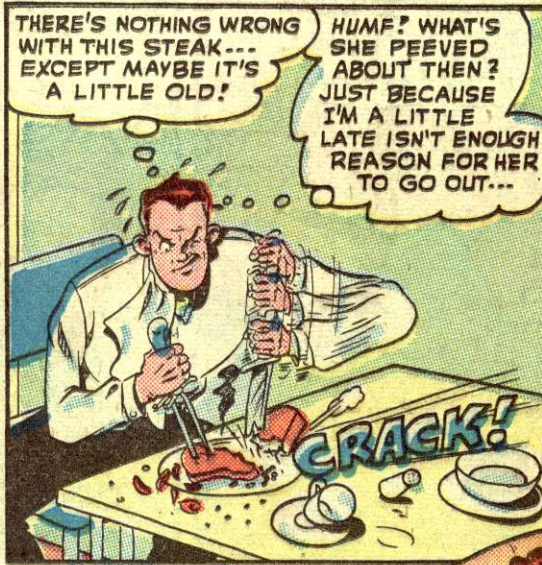
OH-OH! I
FORGOT! SHE
WANTED ME
TO GET HOME
EXTRA EARLY
FOR THE STEAK
DINNER WE'RE
HAVING
TONIGHT!

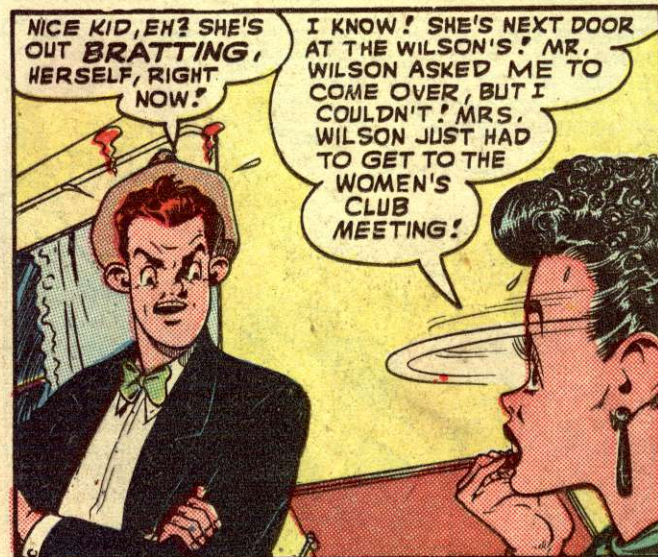
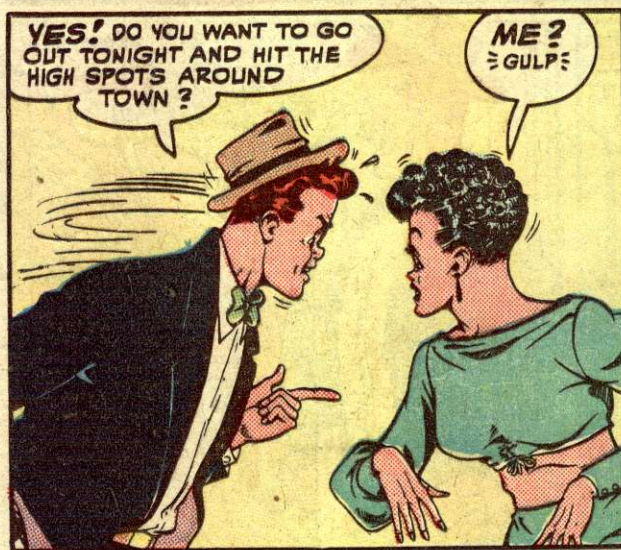
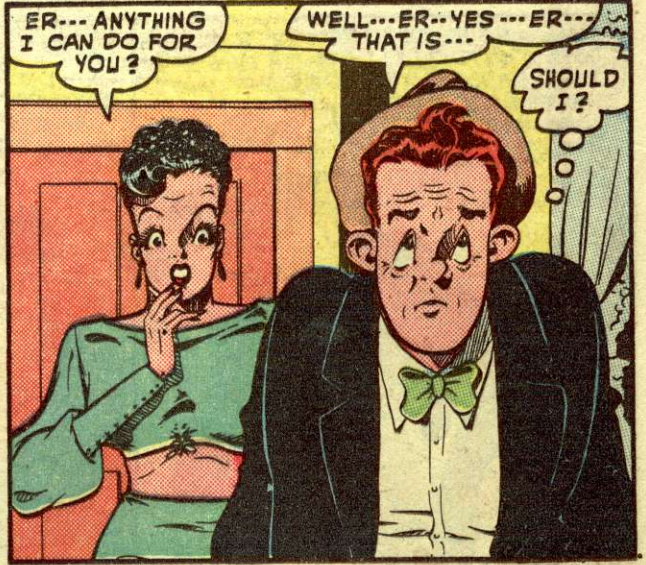


HOW'D
SHE KNOW
I WAS
HERE?

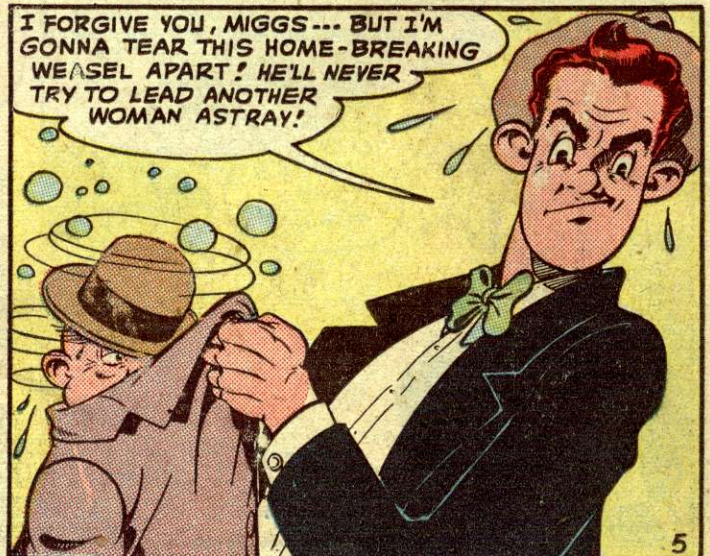
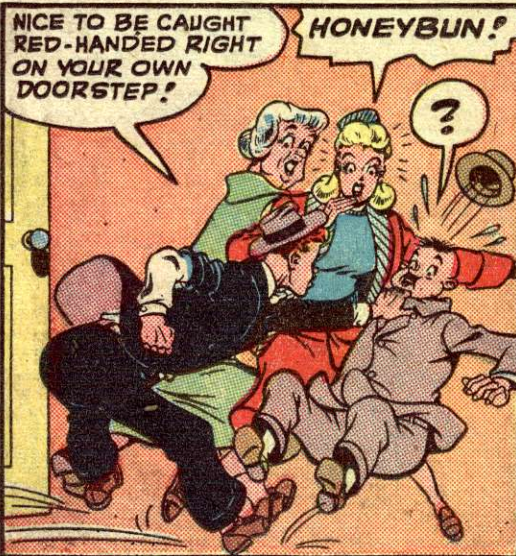
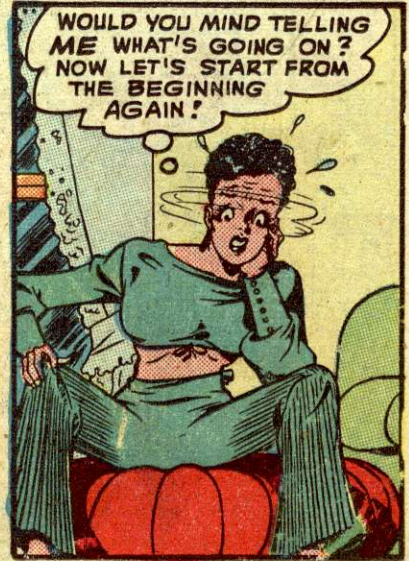
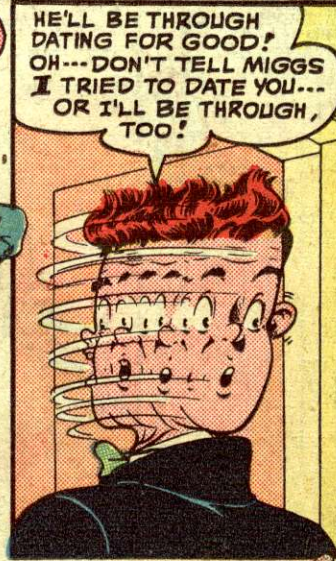


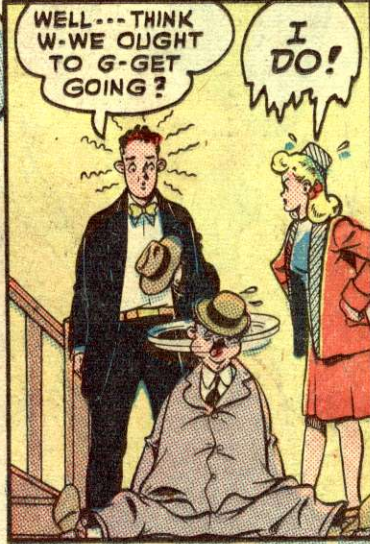
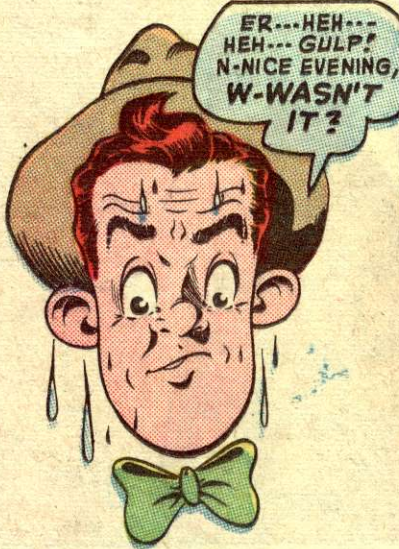
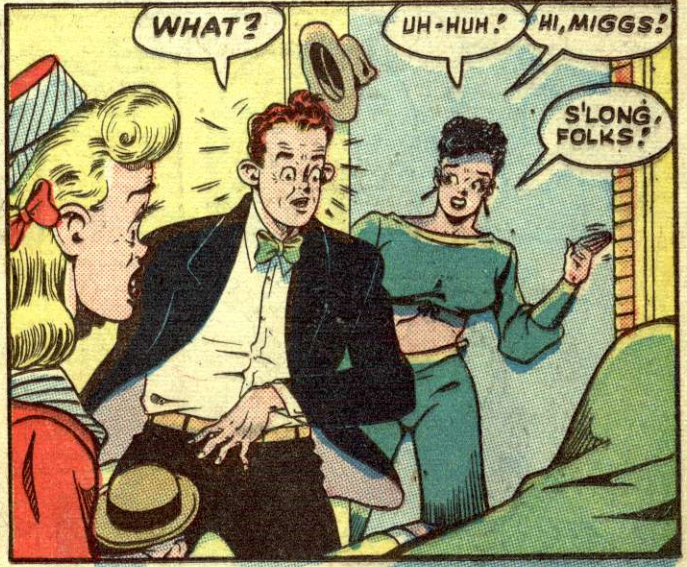
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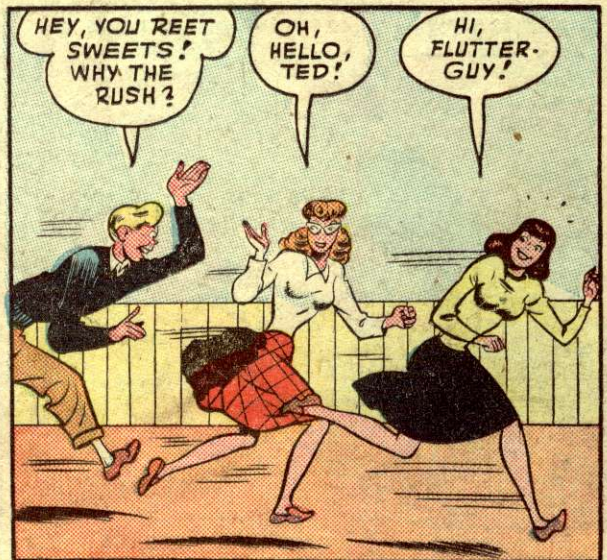
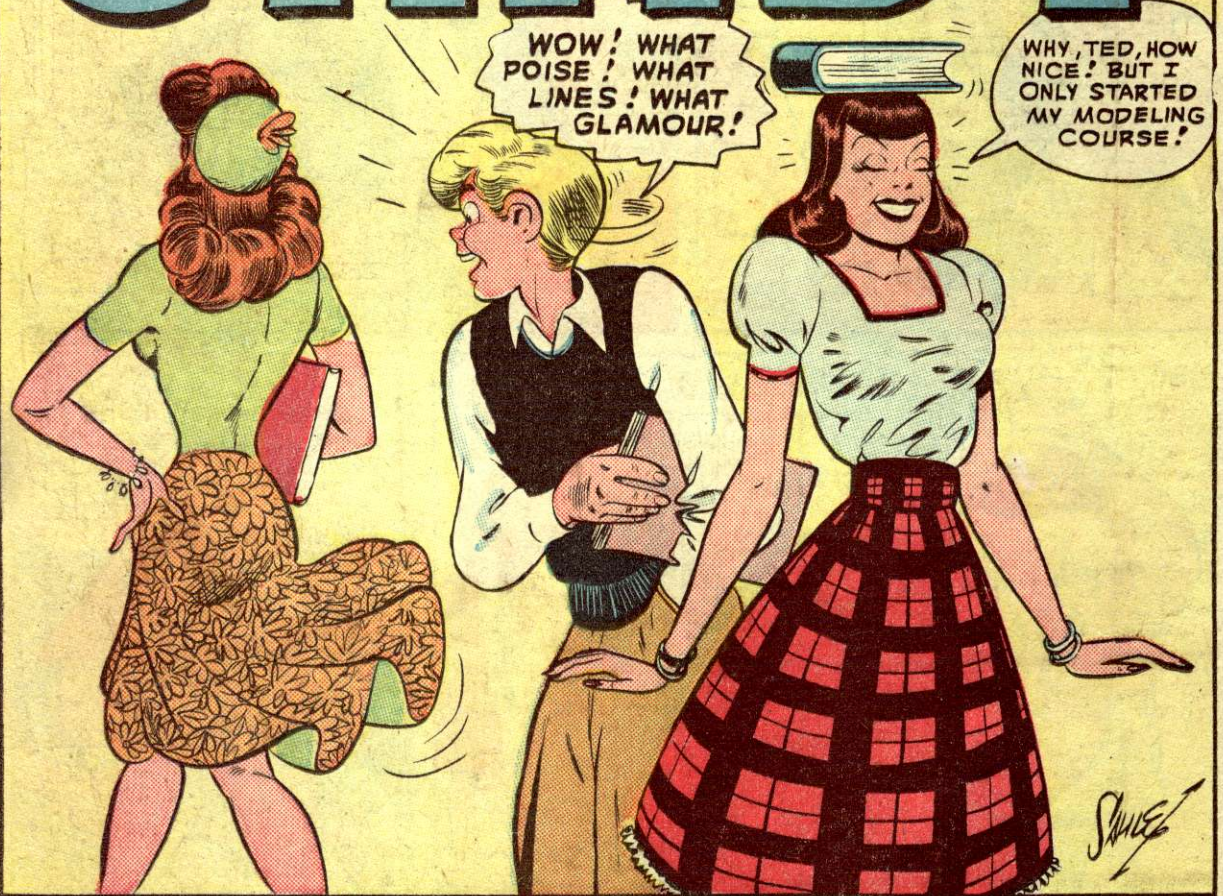


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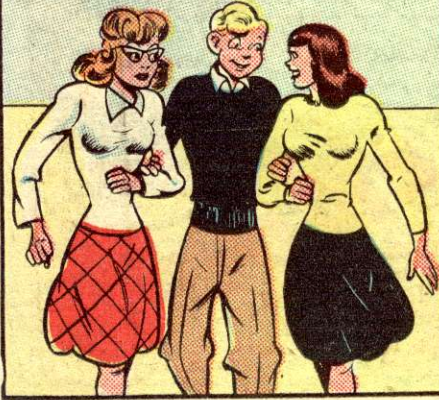
CANDY



POLICE COMICS

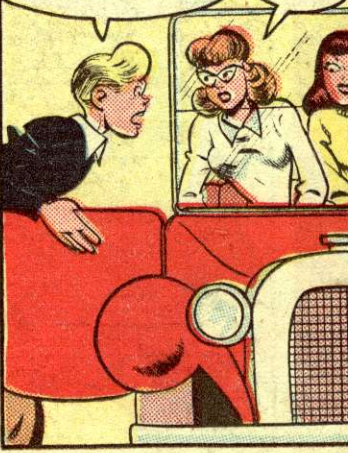
MAY I WHISK YOU AWAY IN THE WOBBLE WAGON, OR WOULD YOU PREFER TO PERAMBULATE?

WILL YOU DRIVE US TO THE MONDE FASHION SALON, TED?



EGAD! ANOTHER SHOP-SHOP DEAL? ALL YOU CHICKS DO IS BUY CLOTHES!

YOU'RE WRONG THIS TIME!



YOU ARE SPEAKING TO TWO **MODELS** FOR THE AMATEUR FASHION DESIGNING CONTEST, MR. DAWSON!

HAMMM! ENLIGHTEN ME, LOVE DOVE! I AM FASCINATED!



WE'LL MODEL CLOTHES DESIGNED BY AMATEURS AND THE MONDE SALON WILL SELECT THE WINNING DESIGN!

THIS ALL TAKES PLACE ON SATURDAY AT A TEA TIME FASHION SHOW AT THE HARTWICK TEA ROOM!



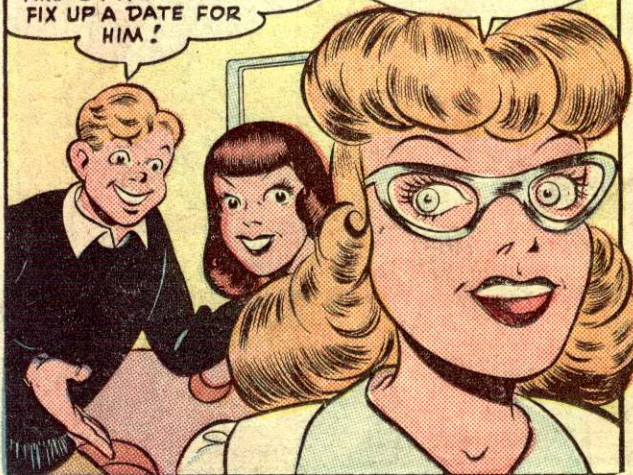
SATURDAY? GOSH, I WAS ABOUT TO LINE YOU UP FOR THE AFTER-NOON DANCE AND I MADE A DATE FOR TRISH, TOO!

WELL, WE CAN'T MAKE IT! AND WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT DATING TRISH?



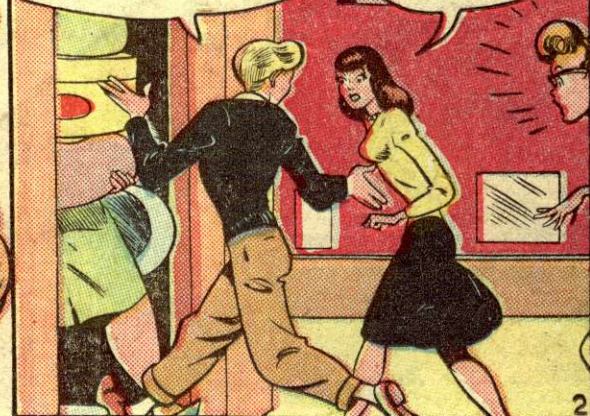
CHUGGER FARADAY HAS JUST MOVED TO TOWN, AND I PROMISED TO FIX UP A DATE FOR HIM!

OH, HE'S THE FOOT-BALL HERO FROM ALTONTOWN!

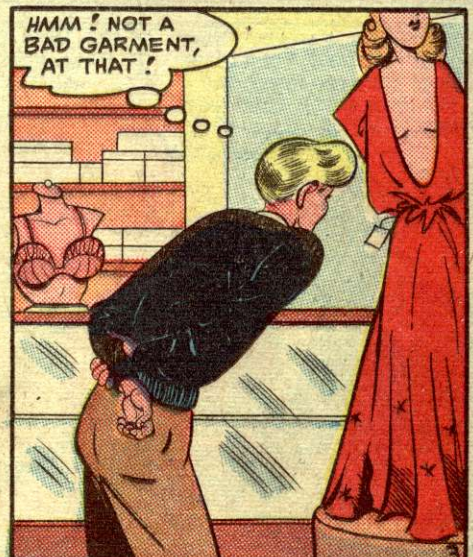
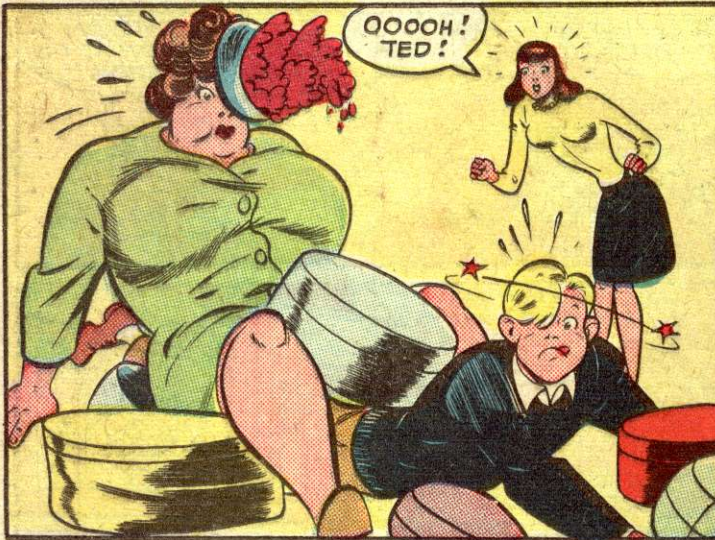
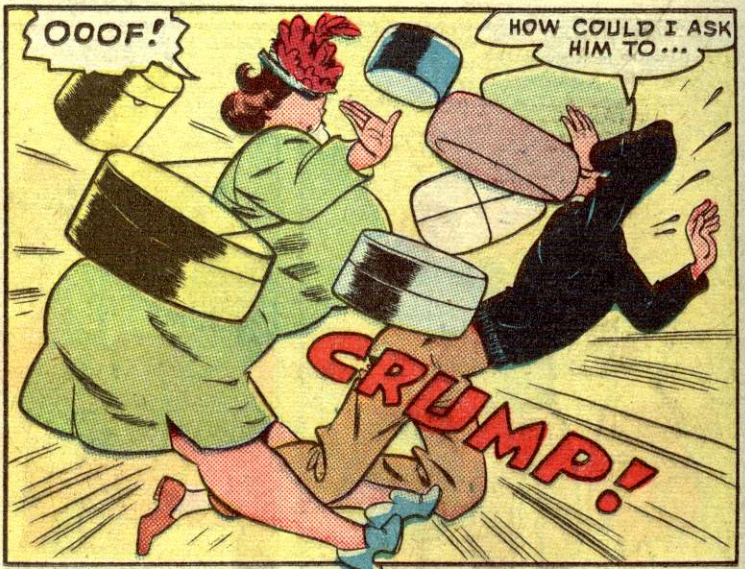


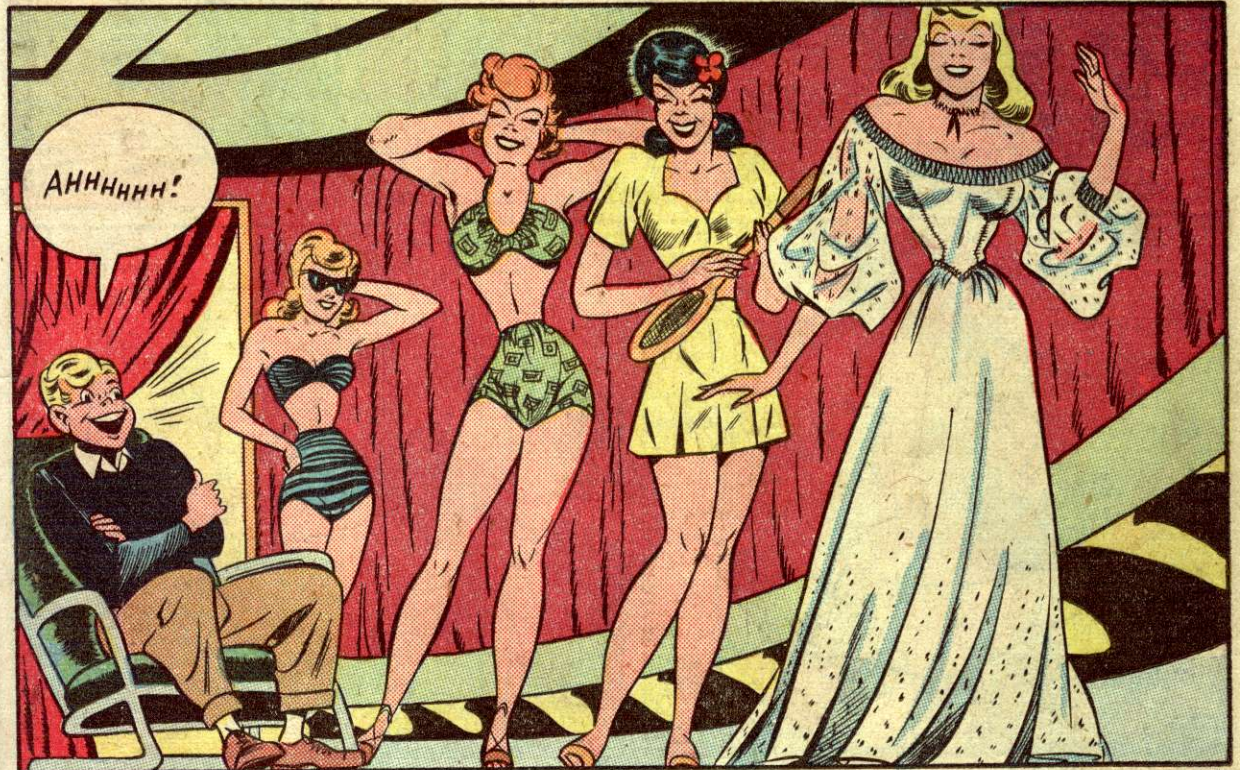
HE WANTS TO JOIN THE GLEESOME GREMLINS CLUB, TOO, AND THAT DANCE WOULD BE A SWELL OPPORTUNITY!

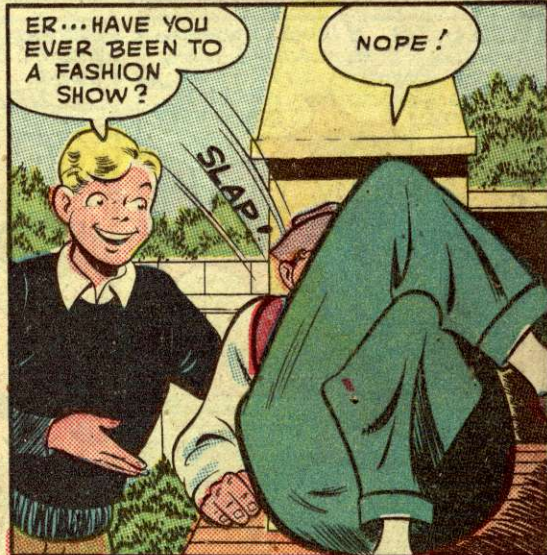
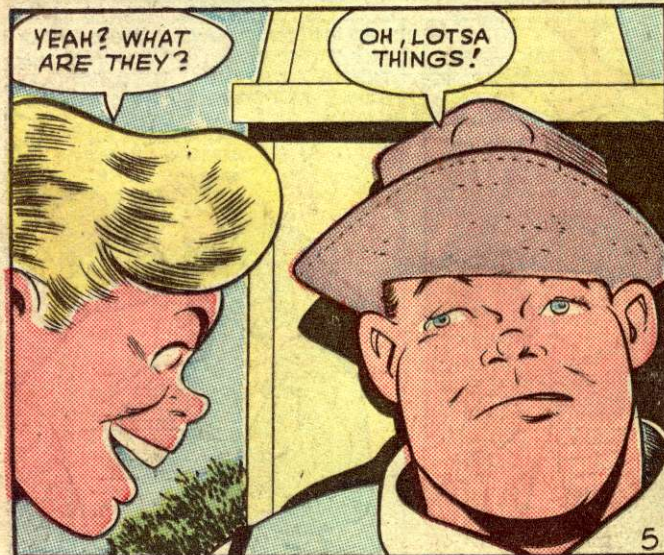
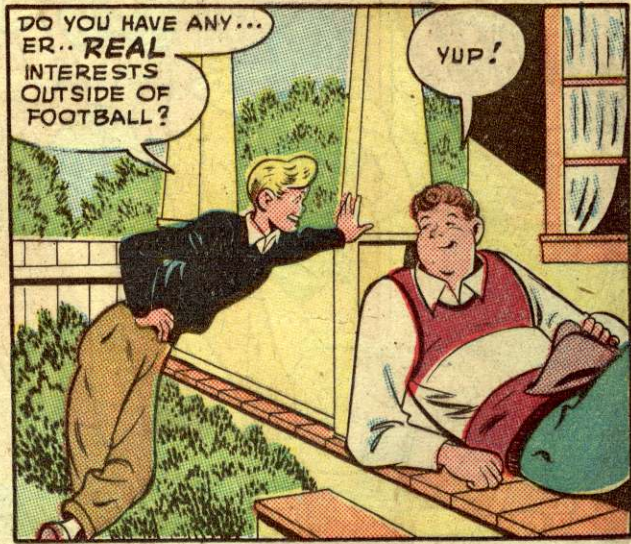
NO CAN DO, TED! WHY NOT BRING THE FAMOUS CHUGGER TO OUR FASHION SHOW?

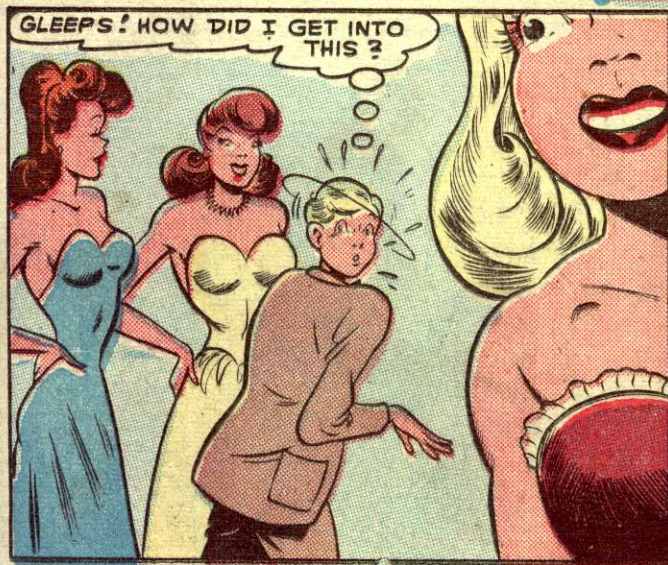
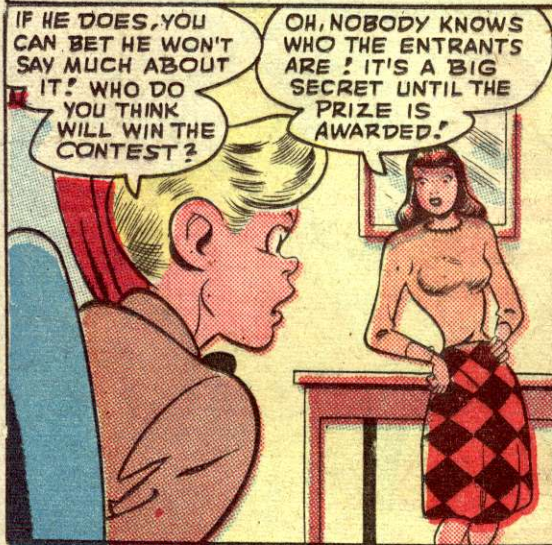


POLICE COMICS

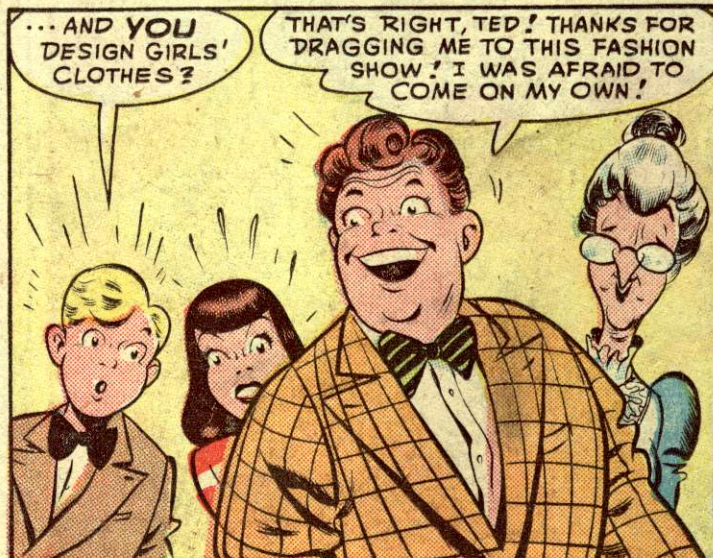
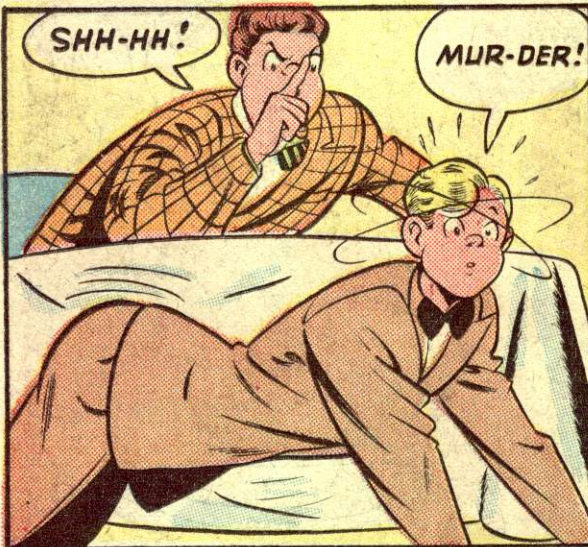
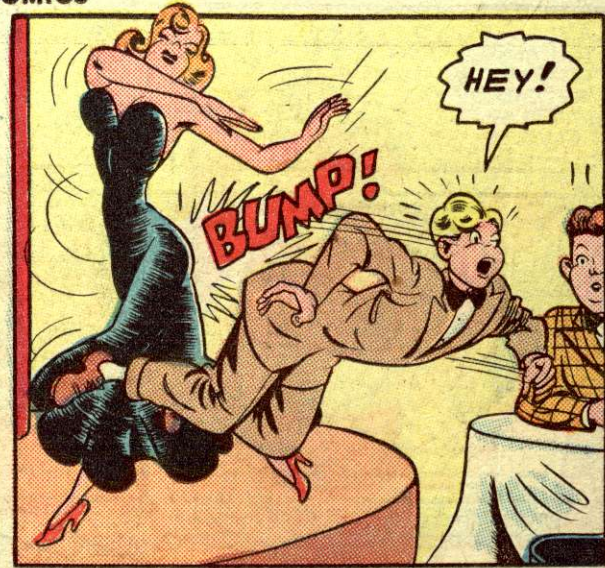
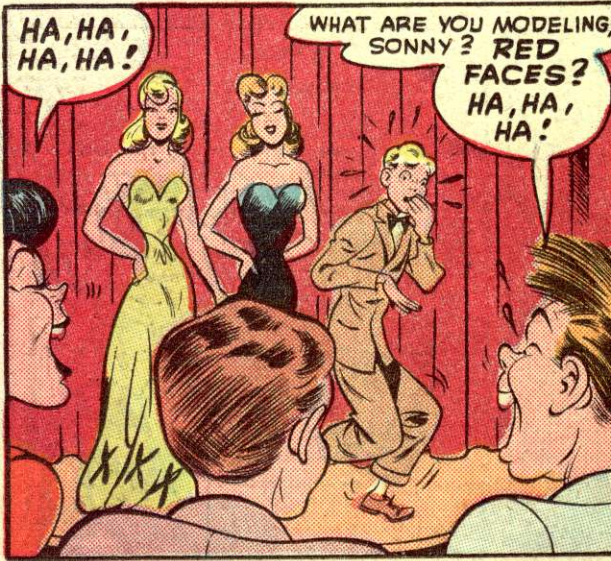








POLICE COMICS



The SPIRIT





POLICE COMICS

Then blackness, and at last ...

MIST' SPIRIT BOSS! WAKE UP!

EBONY! ARE YOU THERE? WHAT HAPPENED?

A man in a red suit and hat (Ebony) is helping a man in a blue suit (Mist' Spirit Boss) who is lying on the ground. The man in blue is looking disoriented.

WE MISSED YOU! THEN, WHEN I CAME OUT, HERE YOU LAY, IN FRONT O' MIST' DOLAN'S HOUSE!

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, SPIRIT? AND WHO HAD THE NERVE TO KONK YOU RIGHT AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S DOOR?

A man in a red suit and hat (Ebony) is talking to a man in a blue suit (Mist' Spirit Boss) who is sitting on a bench. Another man in a brown suit is standing next to him. They are outside a house.

EVERYTHING'S RATHER HAZY --- FANTASTIC IN MY MIND!

REMEMBER, MAN! TRY TO REMEMBER! YOU WERE HELPING ME HUNT FOR EVIDENCE AGAINST JASON GHOR!

A man in a blue suit (Mist' Spirit Boss) is sitting on a red couch. A man in a red suit and hat (Ebony) is standing next to him, and a man in a brown suit is standing next to him. They are in a room with a lamp.

YOU AND I BOTH THINK THAT HIS MONEY AND BRAINS ARE BACK OF THE NEW GANGLAND ORGANIZATION!

YES---YES---BUT I'VE FOUND NOTHING CONCLUSIVE! I'M GOING OUT TO SEARCH AGAIN---

A man in a blue suit (Mist' Spirit Boss) is sitting on a red couch. A man in a red suit and hat (Ebony) is standing next to him, and a man in a brown suit is standing next to him. They are in a room with a lamp.

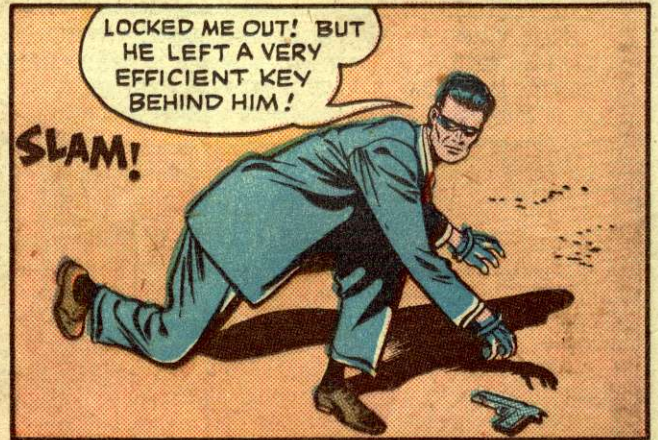
---ALL BY MYSELF!

ONE OF HIS INDEPENDENT MOODS, EBONY! I WISH HE WAS A REGULAR MEMBER OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT--- SO I COULD SUSPEND HIM!

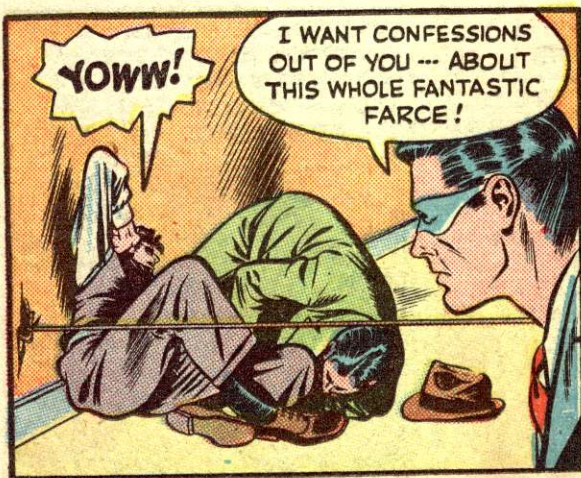
A man in a blue suit (Mist' Spirit Boss) is standing. A man in a red suit and hat (Ebony) is standing next to him, and a man in a brown suit is standing next to him. They are in a room with a lamp.

YES --- THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE IT HAPPENED!

A man in a blue suit (Mist' Spirit Boss) is standing in front of a door. A man in a red suit and hat (Ebony) is standing next to him, and a man in a brown suit is standing next to him. They are in a room with a lamp.









THE RUBBER MAN *does some rubbing*

BUTCH GOULD talked out of the corner of his mouth in the accepted gangster manner.

"If you ain't a good enough man to do the job, say so, and we'll get someone else. I want the Plastic Man rubbed out!"

Sniper Giles looked unhappy. He fidgeted in his chair.

"But boss," he said, "we been doin' just like you said. But that plastic feller is a slippery cuss. He's on to us, too."

Butch growled, "Listen, mugg, I gave you guys the job. Do you want it?"

"Uh—yeah—sure, boss," replied Sniper in no enthusiastic mood. "We'll get him, all right."

"You'll get him. Listen, I want him got by midnight! Now get goin'!"

Sniper shuffled out of Butch's office. He was feeling just as if a dozen guns were aimed at his heart, only he couldn't see them. He paused on the step a moment while adjusting his thoughts. He knew of course why Butch wanted Plastic Man bumped off. Plastic Man was giving him trouble in the racket.

"I allus did say I was a mutt to go crooked," mumbled Sniper to himself as he wandered down the street. "Here I've spent half my life in the clink, and what has it got me?"

Sniper could answer that one easily. The answer was nothing.

But on the other hand, once deep in the rackets, and you were sunk. You couldn't just pull away from a mob because you wanted to. Your life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel. Sniper felt his life was worth many times less than that.

Plastic Man! That rubbery cuss had certainly given them a run of bad luck. The shake-down racket was always precarious. Sniper hated to think how many of the boys had been put on the spot since they began operating in Strand City. He shook his head forlornly.

Butch Gould had many operatives working.

He kept them under his thumb by simply getting something on them and forcing them to do his bidding. He had men with records which, were they exposed, would send them to the chair. Butch occasionally reminded these men of the hand he held . . . and they went out and did his dirty work.

Sniper was one of these. Sniper had been a machine-gunner on another mob which had been captured; he had escaped, only to bump into Butch.

"You're my boy now, Sniper," Butch had told him. "You'll do as I say, or the D. A. will get an earful! Catch?"

So now it was Sniper's job to rub out Plastic Man!

Sniper found his pals in a waterfront hang-out and laid the cards on the table.

"We gotta get him by midnight, fellows. If we don't the boss is gonna make it hot for us . . . but how the heck are we gonna trap that big stiff?"

One of the others grumbled, "You can't shoot him, you can't poison him. How can you trap the devil?"

Sniper got a sudden gleam in his eye. "Boys," he said, "there's just one way. Yeah, it'll work, if we're careful. Listen."

For ten minutes Sniper and his pals plotted a neat trap for Plastic Man, then separated, with Sniper's warning, "Ten o'clock—and all of you show!"

Plastic Man and his pudgy assistant, Woozy, sat in their hotel room and grinned at each other.

"Well, Woozy, it's been a hectic month, eh?"

Woozy grimaced. "You ain't just whistlin'! Personally, I'm getting a little bored."

Plastic Man nodded, still grinning. "Well, we've kept Butch Gould on the move. I think another few days will wind up his mob here, and then we can take off."

The phone rang. Plastic Man answered.

POLICE COMICS

He listened a moment, then said, "At ten-thirty. Okay. Bishop Warehouse, slip ten. Thanks. You mind telling me who you are?"

The connection was broken abruptly. Plastic Man replaced the receiver. He was smiling wryly. "I didn't think he'd give me his name," he said. "Well, Woozy, we have a job tonight."

Woozy looked dubious. "Mebbe it's a trap, Plas. Mebbe we'd better scout around there a bit before we walk into it."

"Exactly," Plastic Man said. "We'll shove off right now. Come on."

They found the warehouse seething with activity. There was not a chance to do any snooping. Not until work ended for the day would there be an opportunity of browsing around the huge building.

"You suppose Bishop has begun paying off to Butch?" Plastic Man said. "If not, maybe tonight is to be a knockover by Butch's mob. . . We'll have to be on hand."

"Yeah," replied Woozy; "but I don't like it."

At ten-thirty, the big warehouse was dark and deserted. Plastic Man and Woozy loitered about one of the entrances, listening and keeping their eyes open. Soon a small man with hat pulled down over his eyes slunk up to them.

"Come on," he said. "It's to take place inside . . . Butch's gang hasn't come yet. They'll be here in a few minutes. You gotta hide."

The small man was leading them down a long dark tunnel. He carried a flashlight.

"Are you the man who called me?" Plastic Man asked.

The little man didn't reply. He had halted and was pointing with his light.

"There's a good place to wait," he said. "They'll come along here. . . Now I'll lam it. Good luck!"

As they took their hiding places, Plastic Man felt a shiver of apprehension. This certainly looked like a neat trap!

Woozy said as much. Then they heard footsteps coming toward them.

It happened so suddenly that Plastic Man and Woozy were caught entirely off guard. A dozen men leaped on them. They didn't have a chance.

"Bring him along," said a gruff voice. "This time we'll make sure of him."

Plastic Man was dragged along the tunnel to a room brightly lighted. He caught a glimpse of a cement mixer. It was running. More maneuvering, and he felt his feet being shoved deep into concrete.

It was quick-hardening concrete, Plastic Man knew that very soon. The stuff had set around his ankles. Then he felt himself moving along on a low car that ran on tracks. The men jumped off. The car picked up speed. It flashed out into the starry night and Plastic Man could see water far below. He was powerless to do anything. The one thing he feared had trapped him.

The car left the rails on a sharp curve and sailed through the air in an arc. The arc ended with a mighty splash, and Plastic Man felt himself sinking rapidly. The water was cold. His feet, each weighing a hundred pounds or more, carried him to the bottom standing upright. He hit with a terrific jolt that was partially absorbed by the mud.

Now what? he thought. They've got me. I'm a licked goose. Now Butch Gould would go to town!

Another thought came to Plastic Man. Why, he'd almost forgotten his own powers! He shot his upper body upward, breaking the surface. There was a sputtering volley of shots. He saw a launch gliding across the water about fifty feet away. More shots from it. He heard Woozy yell some directions.

Plastic Man had it! He shot out both arms and grasped the launch. Guns were cracking in his face, but they didn't harm him. He cracked the heads of the mob together until they were all unconscious.

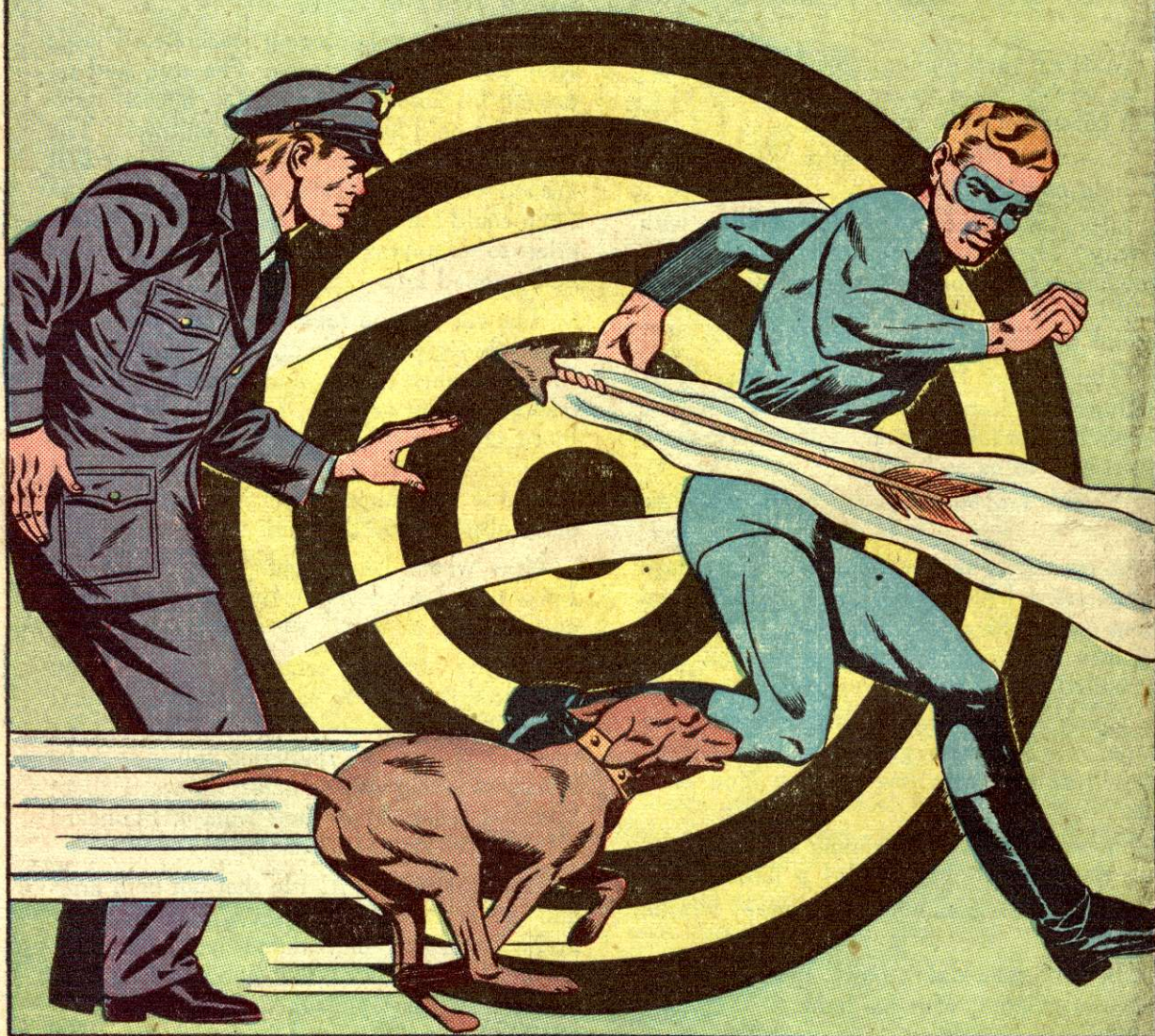
A police boat was speeding toward them, big searchlight on full. It came alongside. The cops took in the scene quickly.

"We'll have you out of that cement in a jiffy," a sergeant told Plastic Man. "Just hang on a little."

Woozy was blinking fast. He had an egg over one ear. "It was a trap, all right, Plas," he muttered.

Plastic Man laughed. "A trap for them. I remembered in time that I was Plastic Man!"

MANHUNTER



Dan Richards is a good police officer... but you can't expect a cop to do *anything and everything!*

That's why Dan Richards sometimes becomes **MANHUNTER!** Then with the help of his dog, faithful **THOR**, he rushes to solve grim riddles of violence and murder, such as

THE TALE OF THE BROAD ARROW!

An early spring afternoon in one of the city's parks...

WHAT A DAY! THIS NEW BEAT ISN'T GOING TO BE SO BAD! HMM! EVEN OLD JOE GRAMMONT, THE BANKER, IS OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR!

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. GRAMMONT!

GOOD AFTERNOON, OFFICER!



YOU MARRY MY DAUGHTER? BAH!

BUT MR. GRAMMONT...



WHEN LOIS MARRIES, SHE'LL MARRY A MAN ... NOT SOMETHING LIKE YOU!

MAYBE YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP HER MARRYING ME!



SO OLD GRAMMONT DOESN'T WANT YOU FOR A SON-IN-LAW, EH? TOO BAD YOU AREN'T MAN ENOUGH TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, FIPPS!

MAYBE I CAN DO MORE ABOUT IT THAN YOU THINK, HOLLROYD!

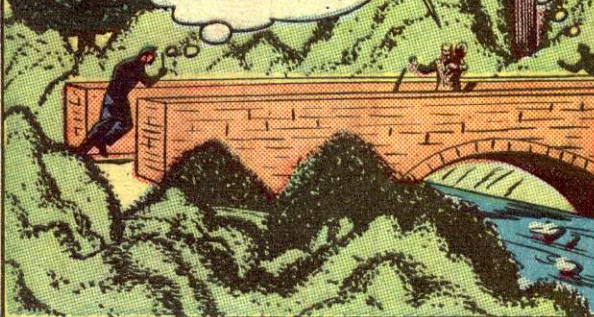


As Hollroyd and Fipps leave the scene, each going his separate way...

ARRRK!

SOMEONE SCREAMED!

SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH GRAMMONT!



HE'S DEAD! HIS THROAT'S BEEN SLASHED!

AND NOBODY NEARER THAN TWENTY YARDS! IT'S UNCANNY!



After an on-the-spot investigation...

THESE TWO WERE THE ONLY ONES NEAR WHEN THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED! I'M HOLDING THEM FOR THE HOMICIDE SQUAD, DAN!

BUT THEY WEREN'T NEAR ENOUGH TO TOUCH GRAMMONT!



I'M GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT THOSE BUSHES! IT'S THE ONLY PLACE AROUND HERE WHERE THE MURDERER COULD CONCEAL HIMSELF!

I PROTEST THIS HIGH-HANDLED TREATMENT! YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME!



THIS SPOT IS RIGHT IN LINE WITH WHERE GRAMMONT WAS STANDING WHEN HE WAS KILLED! BUT THERE ARE NO CLUES EXCEPT A FEW VAGUE FOOTPRINTS!



At police headquarters...

YOU ADMIT YOU WERE IN THE BUSHES BY THE BRIDGE? WHAT WERE YOU DOING THERE?

I WAS FOLLOWING HOLLROYD! HE INSULTED ME! I WAS GOING TO PUNCH HIM IN THE JAW!



ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT I WAS HIDING IN THE BUSHES... FROM YOU? I HEARD YOU THREATEN GRAMMONT!

BREAK IT UP!



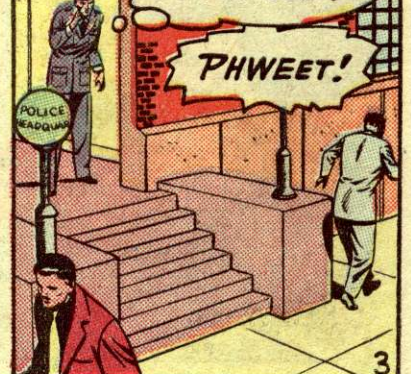
I HAVEN'T ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO HOLD EITHER ONE OF YOU! I DO KNOW THAT BOTH OF YOU WANTED TO MARRY GRAMMONT'S DAUGHTER AND YOU MAY BE NEEDED FOR FURTHER QUESTIONING!

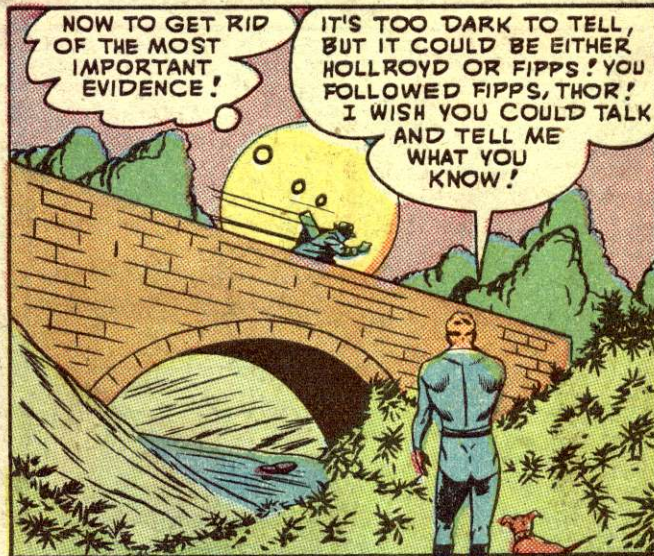
MY FATHER HAS POLITICAL POWER... HE'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS IMPERTINENCE!



ANOTHER HOUR OF DUTY BEFORE I CAN FOLLOW EITHER OF THEM! MAYBE THOR CAN HELP UNTIL MANHUNTER CAN INVESTIGATE FOR HIMSELF!

PHWEET!

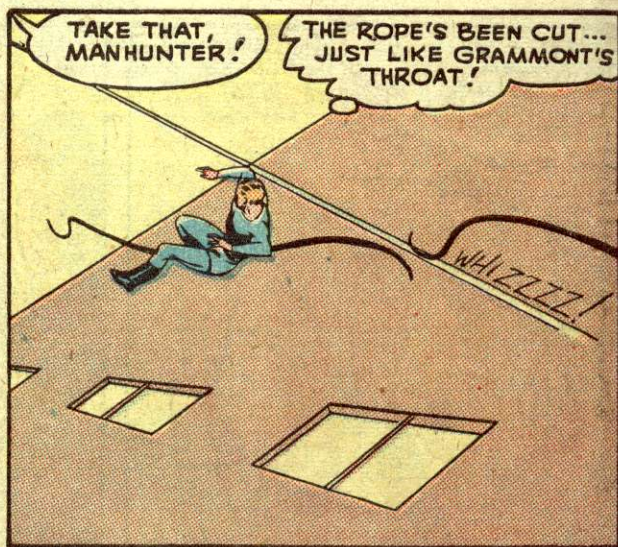


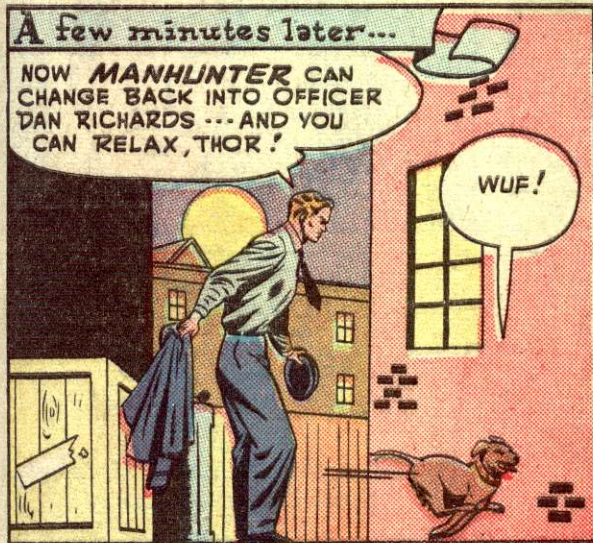
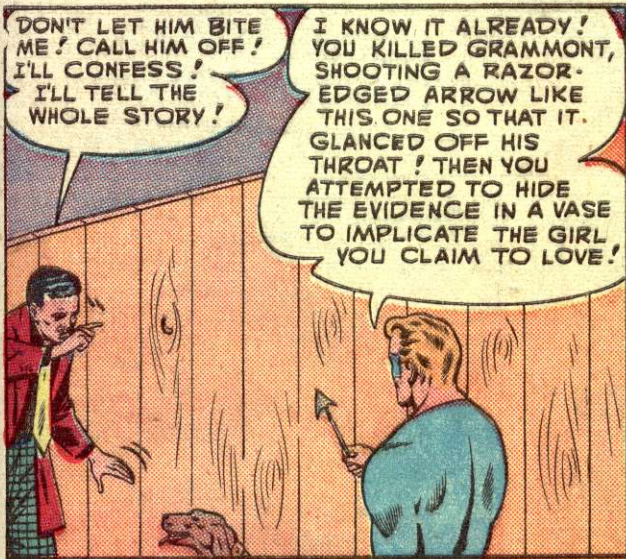




POLICE COMICS







"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



ROPING THE RUNAWAY DRIVER



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE RIDING PLEASANTLY ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...

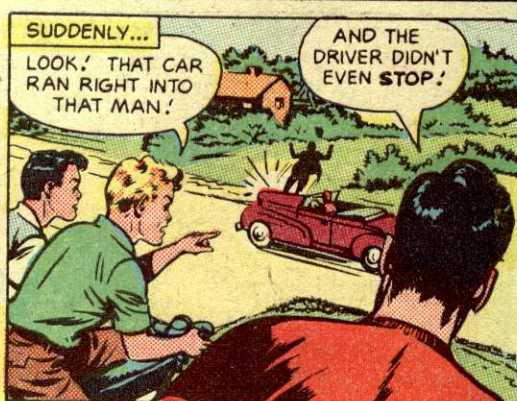
THE WAY U.S. ROYAL IS KEEPING PACE WITH US, YOU'D NEVER THINK HE WAS RIDING A JET BIKE!

LISTEN... IF HE OPENED 'ER UP, WE'D THINK WE WERE GOING BACKWARD!

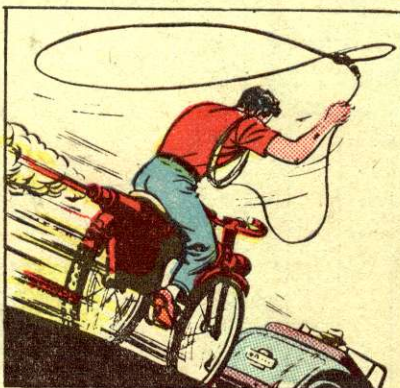


SUDDENLY...
LOOK! THAT CAR RAN RIGHT INTO THAT MAN!

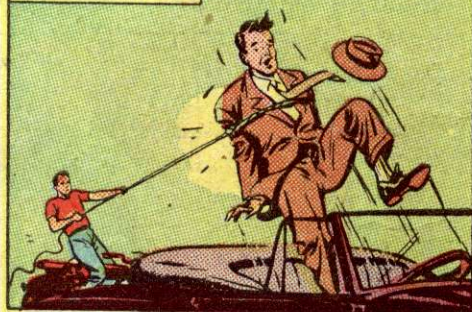
AND THE DRIVER DIDN'T EVEN STOP!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS! YOU, BOB, LOOK AFTER THAT POOR FELLOW WHILE TOM BIKES TO THE NEAREST PHONE FOR THE POLICE!



U.S. LASSOS THE VICIOUS HIT-AND-RUN VILLAIN...JERKS HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR!



U.S. STOPS THE EMPTY HIT-RUN CAR WITH HIS "SPARK-INTERRUPTER," SUBDUES HIS PRISONER, AND SOON...

NICE GOING, FELLAS! THIS RASCAL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR FAST THINKING...

AND FAST BIKING, OFFICER... THANKS TO OUR STURDY U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, IF IT'S BIKE-SPEED WITH SAFETY YOU'RE AFTER, INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN MEANS TOP CONTROL AT YOUR FOOT-TIPS.



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN CONTROL COUNTS, IT'S THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN THAT REALLY STOPS ME IN TIME"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

FIRM FOOTING... SPLIT-SECOND STOPS... MAXIMUM MILEAGE... SURE TRACTION... PERFECT CONTROL. NO WONDER U.S. ROYAL, WITH IT'S SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE - A FAVORITE WITH MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS.

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires

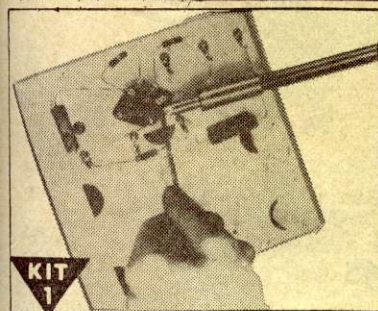


UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science



I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

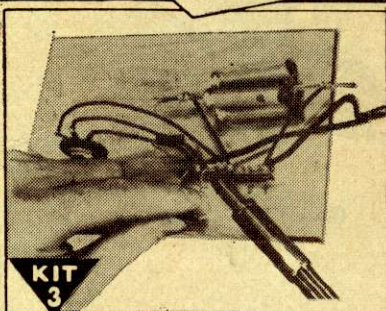
**I Send You
Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



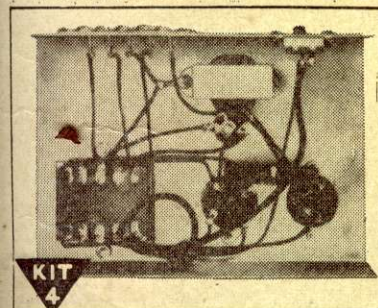
KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



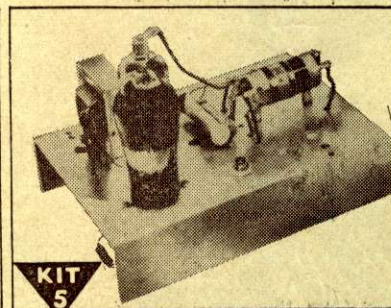
KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N. R. I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



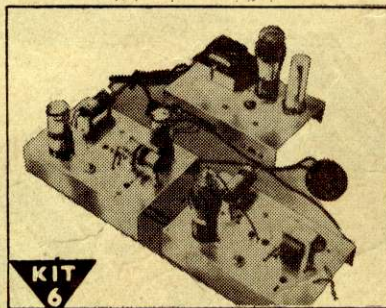
KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY manuals that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while

still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as public demand for Television, FM, Electronic devices continues to grow. Send for FREE books now!

Find Out What NRI Can Do For You
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.**

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